

V. P. S. C. E.

HYMNS OF

CHRISTIAN

ENDEAVOR



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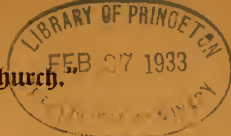
Section

5317





"for Christ and the Church."



H Y M N S

OF

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.



EDITED BY

REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

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PUBLISHED BY

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No. 50 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

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## PREFACE.

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**T**HIS book is simply the response to an earnest demand from widely different sections. The Gospel Hymns, used by many, supply one demand; the old hymns and tunes, largely omitted from that splendid compilation, are desired by our young people; while martial hymns, answering to the earnest aspirations of the young christians, are growing in favor. The design of the present book is to include Praise, Work, Soldier, and Consecration Hymns. A large number of new hymns and tunes have been specially written for the Christian Endeavor movement. The absence of some familiar hymns and tunes from "Gospel Hymns," is accounted for, not by any lack of appreciation, but because of the greatly increased cost which the purchase of permission to use the copyrights would involve. The attempt has been made to print a book containing some 155 hymns, at so low a cost, that every boy and girl may own a copy.

For valuable assistance, grateful acknowledgment is rendered to Rev. Messrs. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., R. DE W. MALLARY, R. LOWRY, D. D., W. L. RUNSBERG, F. E. SNOW, J. S. NORRIS, N. J. SQUIRES, J. O. BARROWS; Messrs. C. H. CHANDLER, I. E. DIEKENG, C. C. TREAT, H. H. PALMER, C. C. CONVERSE, F. W. MESSE, GEO. METCALF, W. H. PONTIUS, and all others whose names appear. All of these have *given* their assistance. Great care has been taken to correct the proofs, but, in a first edition, mistakes are liable to occur, especially as the work has been pushed to publish in time for the fall opening of the Societies.

It is hardly necessary to state that this book has no intention of taking the place of any of the regular church prayer-meeting hymn books, but is specially prepared for the young people's prayer-meeting, and all the conferences, and unions, which are connected with the movement.

S. W. ADRIANCE.

N. B.—The present book is the only one authorized and published by the UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

# Y. P. S. C. E. SONGS.

1.

## CORONATION.

REV. E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball;  
 3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,  
 To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,  
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

2.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,—  
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
 The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our  
 fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
 He sets the pris'ner free:  
 His blood can make the foulest clean;  
 His blood avail'd for me.

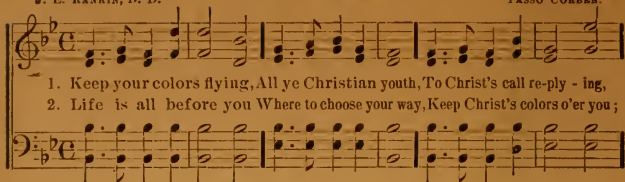
REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

# 3. KEEP YOUR COLORS FLYING.

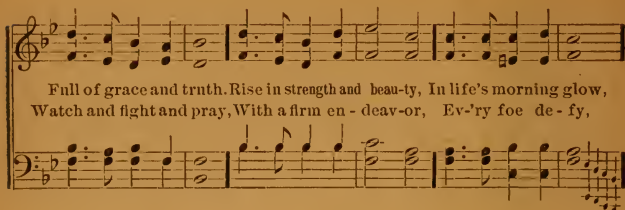
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

OUR BANNER HYMN.

TASSO CORBEN.

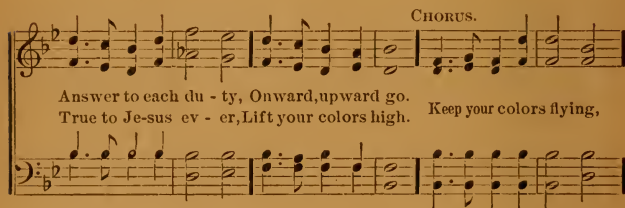


1. Keep your colors flying, All ye Christian youth, To Christ's call re-ply - ing,  
2. Life is all before you Where to choose your way, Keep Christ's colors o'er you ;

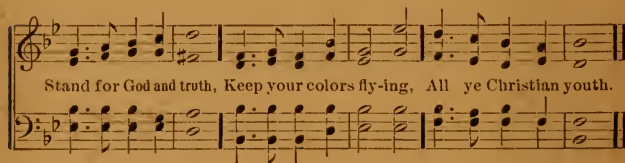


Full of grace and truth. Rise in strength and beau-ty, In life's morning glow,  
Watch and fight and pray, With a firm en - deav-or, Ev-'ry foe de - fy,

CHORUS.



Answer to each du - ty, Onward, upward go.  
True to Je-sus ev - er, Lift your colors high. Keep your colors flying,



Stand for God and truth, Keep your colors fly-ing, All ye Christian youth.

3 Keep your colors flying,  
Never think of ease;  
Sin and self-denying,  
Jesus only please.  
Not for worldly pleasure,  
Not for worldly fame,  
Not for heaps of treasure;  
Live for Jesus' name!

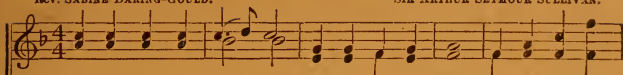
4 Keep your colors flying,  
Walk as Jesus did;  
In Him, living, dying,  
Let your life be hid;  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Breathe this mortal breath;  
You shall live forever,  
Christ has conquered death.



# 4. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

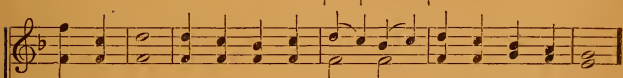
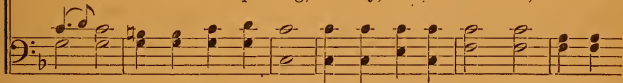
SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty ar-my, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a -  
treading Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed; All one  
Je - sus Constant will remain. Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that  
voic - es In the triumph song, Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to



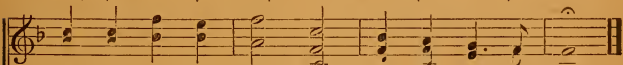
gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.  
bod - y we: One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.  
Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.



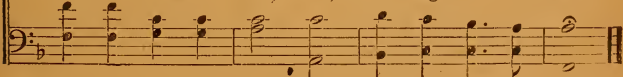
## CHORUS.



On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

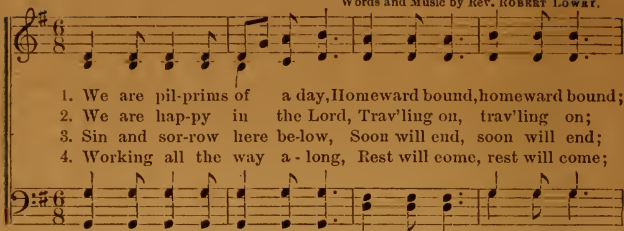


With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

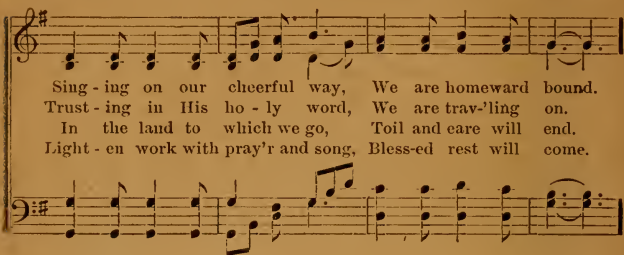


# 5. WE ARE PILGRIMS OF A DAY.

Words and Music by Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

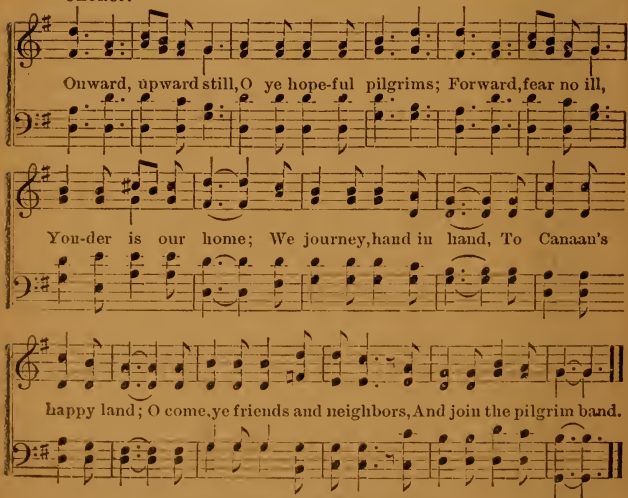


1. We are pil-prims of a day, Homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 2. We are hap-py in the Lord, Trav'ling on, trav'ling on;  
 3. Sin and sor-row here be-low, Soon will end, soon will end;  
 4. Working all the way a-long, Rest will come, rest will come;



Sing-ing on our cheerful way, We are homeward bound.  
 Trust-ing in His ho-ly word, We are trav'-ling on.  
 In the land to which we go, Toil and care will end.  
 Light-en work with pray'r and song, Bless-ed rest will come.

## CHORUS.

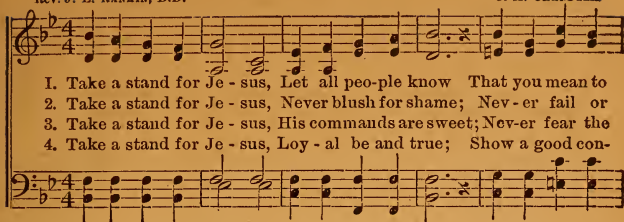


Onward, upward still, O ye hope-ful pilgrims; Forward, fear no ill,  
 You-der is our home; We journey, hand in hand, To Canaan's  
 happy land; O come, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.

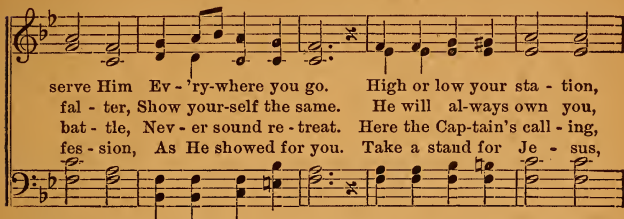
# 6. TAKE A STAND FOR JESUS.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

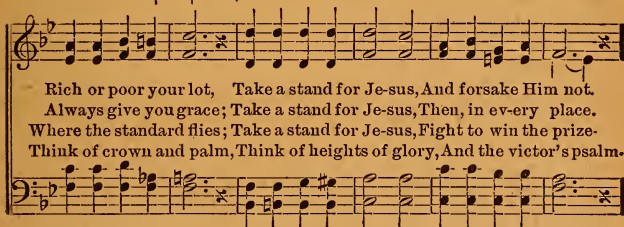
C. H. CHANDLER.



1. Take a stand for Je - sus, Let all peo - ple know That you mean to  
 2. Take a stand for Je - sus, Never blush for shame; Nev - er fail or  
 3. Take a stand for Je - sus, His commands are sweet; Nev - er fear the  
 4. Take a stand for Je - sus, Loy - al be and true; Show a good con -



serve Him Ev - 'ry-where you go. High or low your sta - tion,  
 fal - ter, Show your-self the same. He will al - ways own you,  
 bat - tle, Nev - er sound re - treat. Here the Cap - tain's call - ing,  
 fes - sion, As He showed for you. Take a stand for Je - sus,

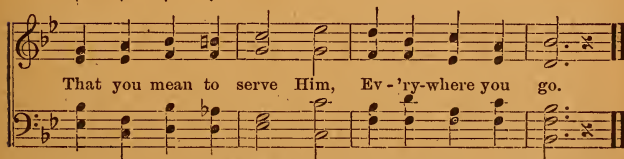


Rich or poor your lot, Take a stand for Je - sus, And forsake Him not.  
 Always give you grace; Take a stand for Je - sus, Then, in ev - ery place.  
 Where the standard flies; Take a stand for Je - sus, Fight to win the prize -  
 Think of crown and palm, Think of heights of glory, And the victor's psalm.

## REFRAIN.



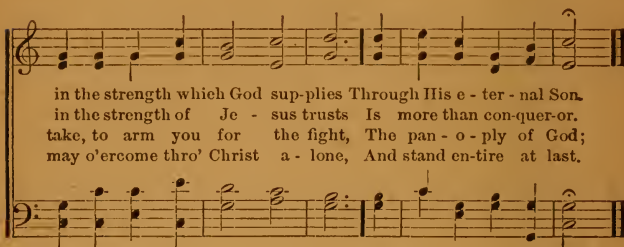
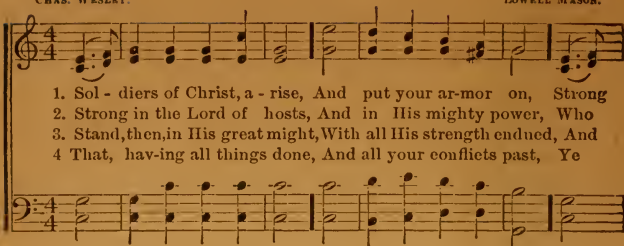
Take a stand for Je - sus, Let all peo - ple know



That you mean to serve Him, Ev - 'ry-where you go.

CHAS. WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



## 8.

## 9.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;  
 Ten thousand foes arise;  
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.

1 A charge to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.

2 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfil—  
 O may it all my powers engage,  
 To do my Master's will.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor once at ease sit down;  
 Thine arduous work will not be done  
 Till thou receive thy crown.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in Thy sight to live;  
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
 A strict account to give.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God;  
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
 To His divine abode.

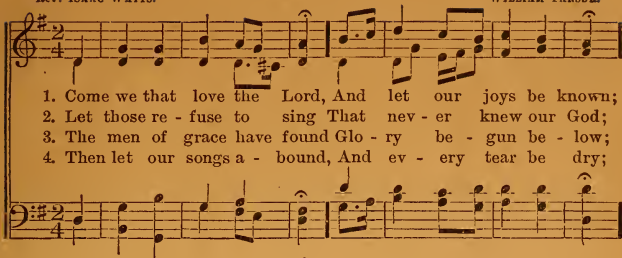
4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on Thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

GEORGE HEATH.

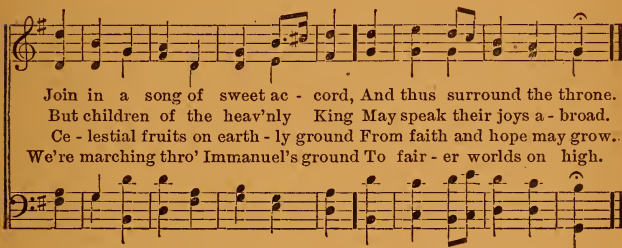
CHARLES WESLEY.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

WILLIAM TANSUR.



1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing That nev - er knew our God;  
 3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low;  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - every tear be dry;



Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne.  
 But children of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Ce - lestial fruits on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow.  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

## 11.

1 Awake, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb;  
 Wake every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;  
 Sing of His rising power;  
 Sing how He intercedes above  
 For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
 Ascending with our tongues;  
 Sing till the love of sin departs,  
 And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ, the eternal King.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. Alt.

## 12.

1 Our Captain leads us on;  
 He beckons from the skies;  
 He reaches out a starry crown,  
 And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,  
 Partake My victory, [wreath,  
 And thou shalt wear this glorious  
 And thou shalt reign with Me:"

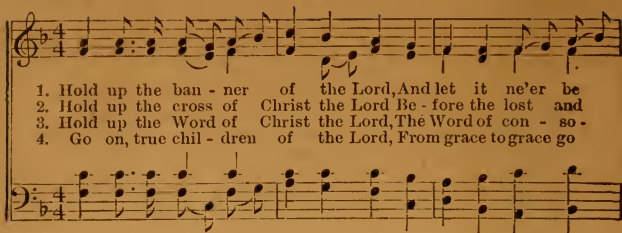
3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord  
 To every soldier saith,  
 Eternal life is the reward  
 Of all-victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in His might  
 The victor's meed receive;  
 They claim a kingdom in His right,  
 Which God will freely give.

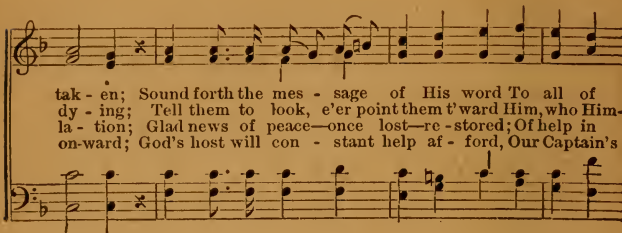
REV. ISAAC WATTS.

Rev. S. W. ADRIANCE.

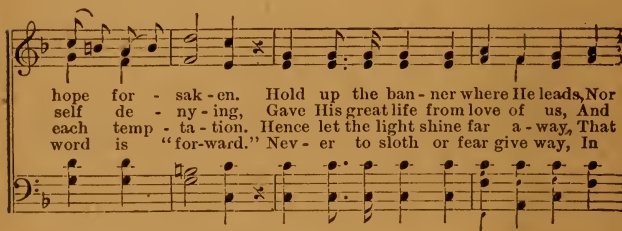
Rev. C. H. OLIPHANT.



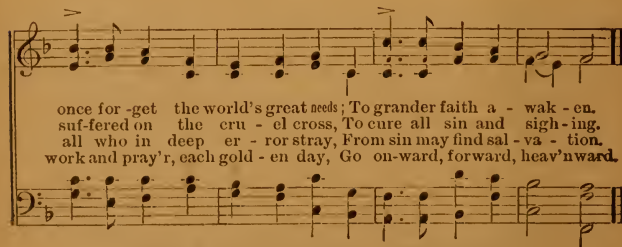
1. Hold up the ban - ner of the Lord, And let it ne'er be  
 2. Hold up the cross of Christ the Lord Be - fore the lost and  
 3. Hold up the Word of Christ the Lord, The Word of con - so -  
 4. Go on, true chil - dren of the Lord, From grace to grace go



tak - en; Sound forth the mes - sage of His word To all of  
 dy - ing; Tell them to look, e'er point them t'ward Him, who Him -  
 la - tion; Glad news of peace—once lost—re - stored; Of help in  
 on-ward; God's host will con - stant help af - ford, Our Captain's



hope for - sak - en. Hold up the ban - ner where He leads, Nor  
 self de - ny - ing, Gave His great life from love of us, And  
 each temp - ta - tion. Hence let the light shine far a - way, That  
 word is "for - ward." Nev - er to sloth or fear give way, In



once for - get the world's great needs; To grander faith a - wak - en.  
 suf - fer - ed on the cru - el cross, To cure all sin and sigh - ing.  
 all who in deep er - ror stray, From sin may find sal - va - tion.  
 work and pray'r, each gold - en day, Go on - ward, forward, heav'nward.



# 14. ARISE! YE CHRISTIAN YOUTH.

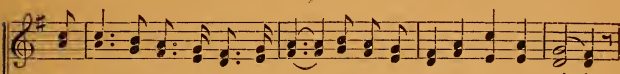
I. E. DIEKENGA.

I. E. DIEKENGA.

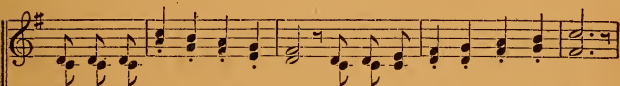
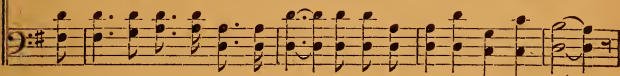
*Spirited.*



1. A - rise ye Chris-tian youth, a-rise! There is a noble work to do.
2. A - cross the land, from shore to shore, The standard of the gospel bear,
3. Oh, Church of Christ, awake to pow'r! Touch all the world with holy fire!



Be-fore you white the harvest lies, And, oh, the labor-ers, how few!  
While faithful hearts their love out-pour, In glorious song and earnest pray'r;  
Press on! press on, for ev-er-more! And every heart with zeal in-spire;



U - nit-ed ser-vice gladly bring, The world is wide, the field is broad;  
Let out the light that shines within, Till souls that else might go astray,  
In true en-deavor, work and grow, And on your glorious way proceed.



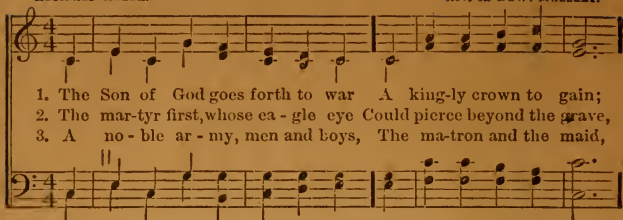
Go forth, and labor for your King, And consecrate yourselves to God.  
Are led from darkness and from sin In-to the light of perfect day.  
So shall the nations learn to know That Christ, the Lord is King in-deed.



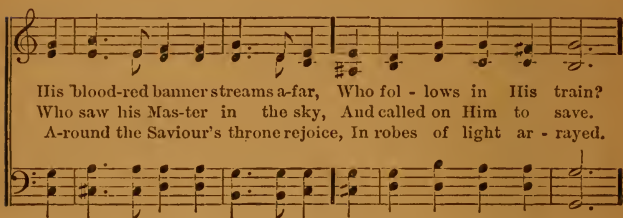
# 15. THUNDERING LEGION. C. M. D.

REGINALD HEBER.

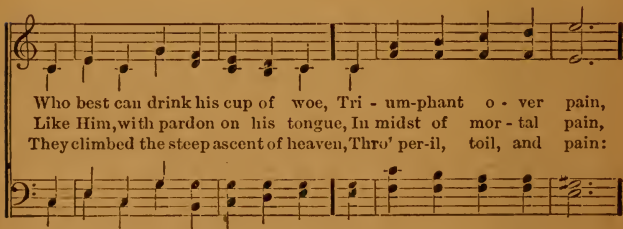
Rev. R. DEW. MALLART.



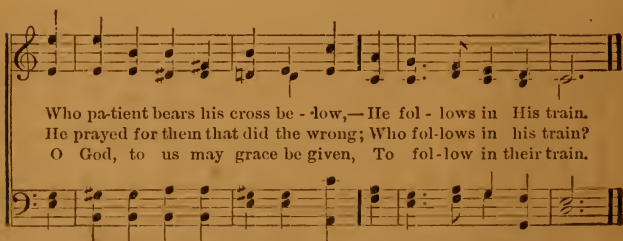
1. The Son of God goes forth to war A king-ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,  
 3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood-red banner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.  
 A - round the Saviour's throne rejoice, In robes of light ar - rayed.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,  
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven, Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, — He fol - lows in His train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in his train?  
 O God, to us may grace be given, To fol - low in their train.

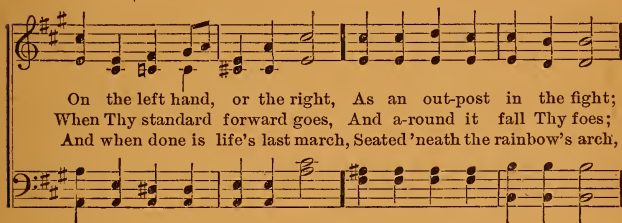


Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

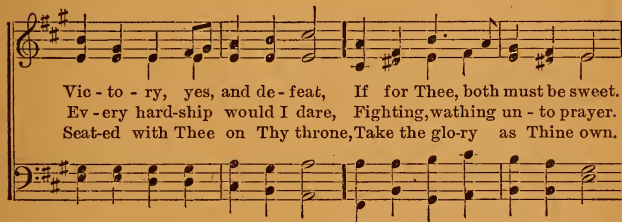
Rev. R. DEW. MALLARY.



1. Je - sus, Cap - tain, sta - tion me, There, where Thou wouldst have me be;  
 2. Je - sus, Cap - tain, sta - tion me, Where I may Thy glo - ry see;  
 3. Je - sus, Cap - tain, sta - tion me, An - y - where, if but with Thee;

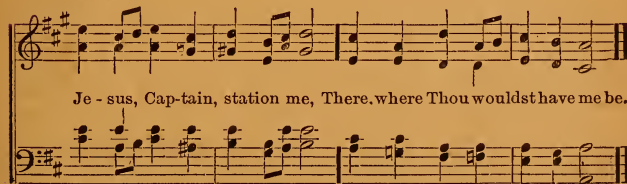


On the left hand, or the right, As an out - post in the fight;  
 When Thy standard forward goes, And a - round it fall Thy foes;  
 And when done is life's last march, Seated 'neath the rainbow's arch,



Vic - to - ry, yes, and de - feat, If for Thee, both must be sweet.  
 Ev - ery hard - ship would I dare, Fighting, wathing un - to prayer.  
 Seated with Thee on Thy throne, Take the glo - ry as Thine own.


## REFRAIN.



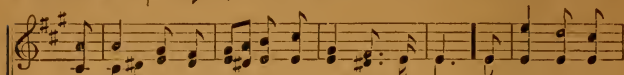
Je - sus, Cap - tain, station me, There, where Thou wouldst have me be.

GEORGE KEITH.

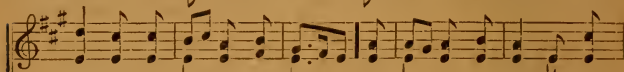
JOHN READING.




1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,  
 3. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose



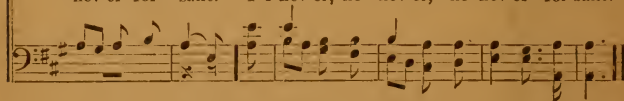
Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He  
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,  
 I will not, I will not de-sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all



say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for  
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om -  
 hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er no



ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?  
 nip - o - tent hand. Up - held by My righteous, omnip-o-tent hand.  
 nev-er for - sake." I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."



## 18.

## RALLYING SONG.

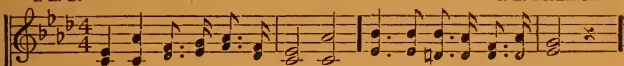
- 1 Come rally, Endeavors, for God and the right,  
 Come rally around us and join in the fight —  
 The fight against sin, against evil and wrong;  
 Oh, manfully battle; be brave and be strong!
- 2 The foe is before us, we know him of old;  
 He counts up his vic'tries in numbers untold;  
 His wiles are so subtle, his plots are so deep,  
 We need to be watchful, and never may sleep.
- 3 Our Captain command us, 'tis Jesus leads on;  
 He'll give us the vic'try and grant us the  
 crown;  
 He ne'er will desert us, and triumph is sure  
 For all who with courage and patience endure.
- 4 Then rally, Endeavors, for God and the right;  
 Let us work with a will, let us work with our  
 might;  
 And never give o'er till we hear the glad word,  
 "Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Rev. F. E. SNOW.

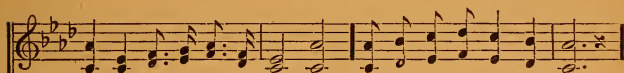
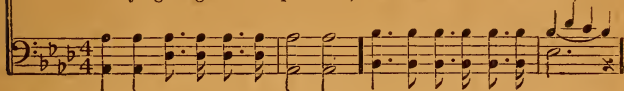
# 19. COMRADES, HEAR THE CAPTAIN CALLING!

L. E. D.

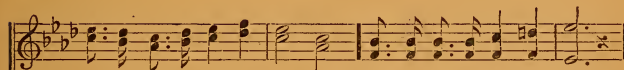
I. E. DIEKENGA.



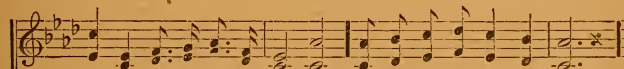
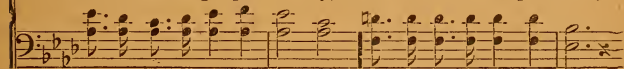
1. Comrades, hear the Captain calling! Up! Awake! the foe is nigh!
2. Raise on high the Christian banner, Bravely car-ry it a - long;
3. Bold-ly fight against temp-ta-tion, Strive each evil to sub-due;



Forward! See our brethren falling! Let us help them ere they die.  
With the Cross of Christ we conquer O - ver ev-ery ill and wrong.  
Let the light of your sal - va - tion Shine in everything you do.



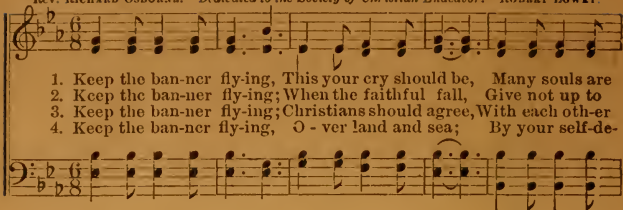
Strike! and show no fear nor fa - vor; Strike the hosts of sin and shame.  
Come, oh come, the Master needs us On the world's great battle field;  
Tell to men the gos-pel sto - ry, Show to them its o - pen door;



Onward! Soldiers of En-deav - or, Battling in the Saviour's name.  
Follow—follow where He leads us, He will be our strength and shield.  
Sound abroad the Saviour's glory Ev-er-more and ev - er-more.



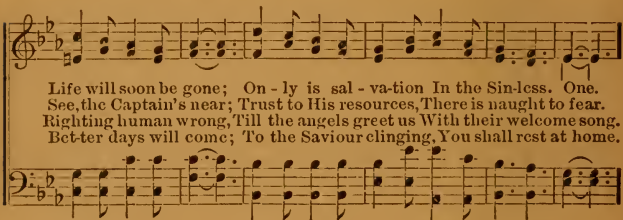
Rev. RICHARD OSBORNE. *Dedicated to the Society of Christian Endeavor.* ROBERT LOWMY.



1. Keep the ban-ner fly-ing, This your cry should be, Many souls are  
 2. Keep the ban-ner fly-ing; When the faithful fall, Give not up to  
 3. Keep the ban-ner fly-ing; Christians should agree, With each oth-er  
 4. Keep the ban-ner fly-ing, O - ver land and sea; By your self-de-

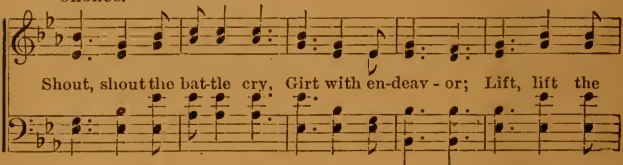


dy - ing, Je - sus must they see; Un - der con - dem - na - tion,  
 sigh-ing, Christ is all in all; Ral - ly all your forc - es,  
 vy - ing, Yet in har - mo - ny; Work-ing still for Je - sus,  
 ny - ing Comes the vic - to - ry; Bright-en toil with sing - ing,

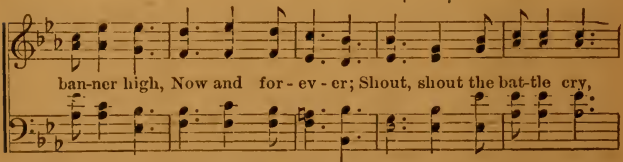


Life will soon be gone; On - ly is sal - va - tion In the Sin-less. One.  
 See, the Captain's near; Trust to His resources, There is naught to fear.  
 Righting human wrong, Till the angels greet us With their welcome song.  
 Bet-ter days will come; To the Saviour clinging, You shall rest at home.

CHORUS.



Shout, shout the bat-tle cry, Girt with en-deav - or; Lift, lift the



ban-ner high, Now and for - ev - er; Shout, shout the bat-tle cry,

# KEEP THE BANNER FLYING.

*ritard.*

Girt with endeavor; - Lift, lift the banner high, Now and for - ev - er.

21.

## ELMCROFT. C. M.

Rev. J. O. BARROWS.

Rev. R. DEWITT MALLARY.

*Andante.*

1. I plead Thy love, my gracious Lord, Thy wondrous love to me;  
 2. I plead the of - fering of Thy blood, Thy precious blood, for me;  
 3. I plead the mer - its of Thy life, Thy per - feet life for me;  
 4. I plead, dear Saviour, Thine own Word, Thine own sure Word to me;

In sin's dark bondage I was held, But Thou hast made me free.  
 For cleansing I have naught to do But look to Cal - va - ry.  
 In what Thou wast I can be - hold What I my - self may be.  
 And need no more, for Thou hast said, "I'm all in all to thee."

22.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 Witness, ye men and angels, now,<br>Before the Lord we speak;<br>To Him we make our solemn vow,<br>A vow we dare not break:—           | 3 We trust not in our native strength<br>But on His grace rely,<br>That, with returning wants, the Lord<br>Will all our need supply.           |
| 2 That long as life itself shall last,<br>Ourselves to Christ we yield;<br>Nor from His cause will we depart,<br>Or ever quit the field. | 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,<br>And keep us in Thy ways;<br>And, while we turn our vows to prayers,<br>Turn Thou our prayers to praise. |

REV. BENJAMIN BRIDGEMAN.

THO'S SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;  
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Jesus pierc - ed feet,  
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glorious crown! O res - urrec - tion day!

No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name repeat.  
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul away.

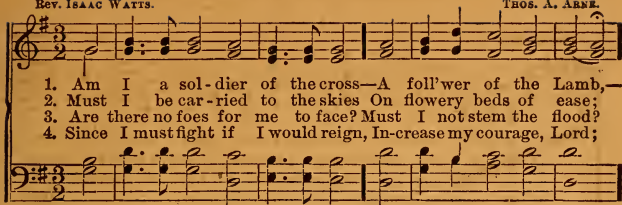
## 24.

- 1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,  
 And make our hearts Thy home;  
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
 O come, Great Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal  
 Our emptiness and woe;  
 And lead us in those paths of life  
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,  
 Like sacrificial flame;  
 Let our whole soul an offering be  
 To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,  
 The wings of peaceful love;  
 And let Thy Church on earth become  
 Blessed as the Church above.

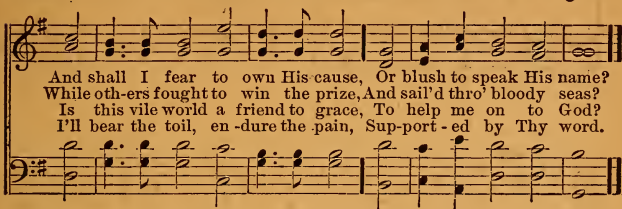


REV. ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—  
 2. Must I be car-ried to theskies On flowery beds of ease;  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord;



- And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

## 26.

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound  
 That saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 Was blind, but now I see.  
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears relieved;  
 How precious did that grace appear  
 The hour I first believed!  
 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
 I have already come;  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace will lead me home.  
 4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
 His word my hope secures;  
 He will my Shield and Portion be,  
 As long as life endures.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

## 27.

- 1 Come, let us join in songs of praise  
 To our ascended Priest;  
 He entered heaven, with all our names  
 Engraven on His breast.  
 2 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench  
 The fervors of His love;  
 For us He died in kindness here,  
 Nor is less kind above.  
 3 O may we ne'er forget His grace,  
 Nor blush to wear His name;  
 Still may our hearts hold fast His faith,  
 Our mouths His praise proclaim.

REV. ALEXANDER PIERCE. (15)

# 28. FOLLOWING JESUS ALWAYS.

H. H. PALMER.

CHAS. C. TREAT.

*mf Con espressivo.*

1. Had I been with Jesus when He walked among men, Had I seen the
2. Be-side Jordan's banks or in Beth-a-ny's home, Where'er in the
3. And e'en to the cross, to the cross to have gone, When the work had been
4. But still Je-sus liv-eth and reigneth a-bove, I can yield Him my

wondrous deed He performed then, Had I known the Son as my  
des-ert or vale He might roam, In sol-i-tudes vast, or a-  
fin-ish'd, the vic-to-ry won, Tho' desert-ed by all, to have  
life and can give Him my love; I'll fol-low Him alway, though

friend and my guide, No pow'r could have drawn me a-way from His side.  
mid the great throng, What joy to His glo-ri-fied band to be-long.  
been at His side, And with Him on Cal-va-ry's tree to have died.  
heart-sick and sore, Till some day I meet Him to part nev-er more.

REFRAIN. DUO.

O, what price-less treas-ure, To have Je-sus near! O

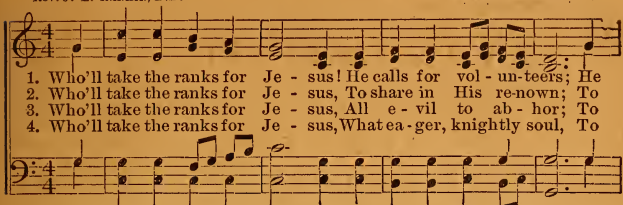
gift be-yond meas-ure, His pres-ence so dear.



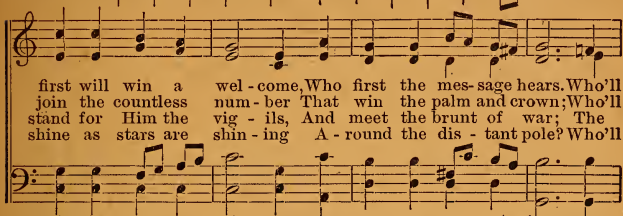
# 29. WHO'LL TAKE THE RANKS?

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

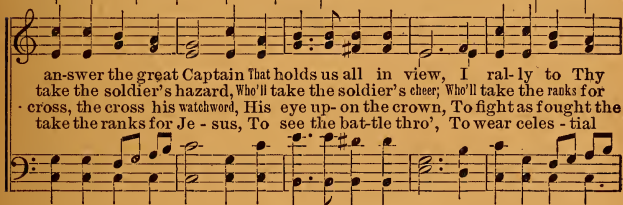
GEORGE E. METCALF.



1. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus! He calls for vol - un-teers; He  
 2. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, To share in His re-nown; To  
 3. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, All e - vil to ab - hor; To  
 4. Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, Whate a - ger, knightly soul, To

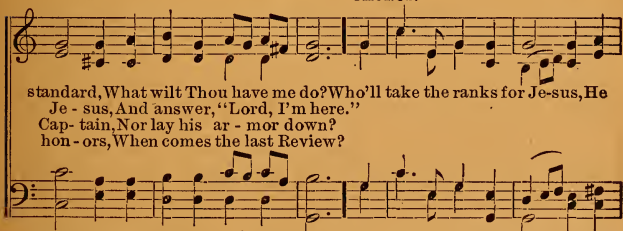


first will win a wel - come, Who first the mes - sage hears. Who'll  
 join the countless num - ber That win the palm and crown; Who'll  
 stand for Him the vig - ils, And meet the brunt of war; The  
 shine as stars are shin - ing A - round the dis - tant pole? Who'll

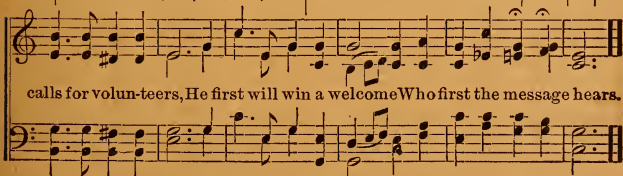


an - swer the great Captain That holds us all in view, I ral - ly to Thy  
 take the soldier's hazard, Who'll take the soldier's cheer; Who'll take the ranks for  
 cross, the cross his watchword, His eye up - on the crown, To fight as fought the  
 take the ranks for Je - sus, To see the bat - tle thro', To wear celes - tial

## CHORUS.



standard, What wilt Thou have me do? Who'll take the ranks for Je - sus, He  
 Je - sus, And answer, "Lord, I'm here."  
 Cap - tain, Nor lay his ar - mor down?  
 hon - ors, When comes the last Review?



calls for volun-teers, He first will win a welcome Who first the message hears.

REV. A. PARKE BURGESS, D.D.

REV. W. L. REMSBERG.

1. What a work to do for Je - sus! Work for you and work for me,  
 2. What a work to do for Je - sus, And the per-ish - ing a-round,  
 3. What a work to do for Je - sus, Work for heart and hand and brain!  
 4. Oh, the sa - cred in - spi - ra - tion, Blest each heart by grace made free,

Work for all who trust His mer-it, All who would His glory see;  
 Souls that by His blood are ransomed, Telling them the joyful sound!  
 Sow - ing aye, be - side all wa - ters, Precious seeds of golden grain;  
 From the Cross and from the Gar-den, "This I free - ly do for Thee!"

Though we fill a low - ly sta-tion, And our tal-ent be but small,  
 Oh, the lost and dy - ing mil-lions, Wan-der - ing from God a-stray!  
 Go - ing forth in life's glad morn-ing, Hap-py with the Master's love,  
 Can our lips be dumb in si-lence, All un-moved by Love's bequest?

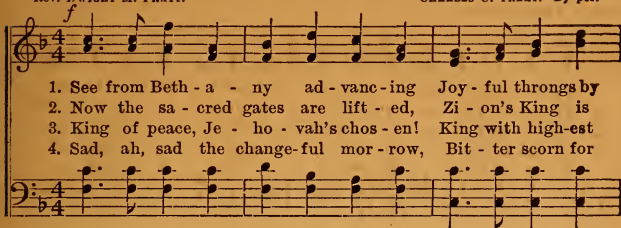
Though we are but young dis-ci-ples, We must heed the Saviour's call.  
 You and I may help to lead them In the straight and narrow way.  
 And at eve re - turn - ing, la - den For the Welcome Home above.  
 Can we close our eyes in slum-ber? Can we fold our hands to rest?

These words may also be sung to the tune "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

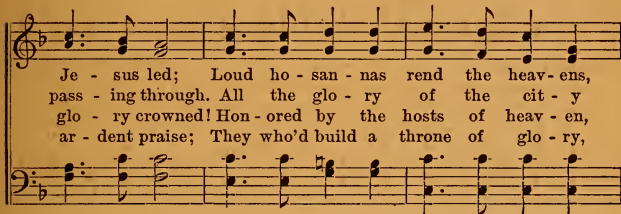
Rev. DWIGHT M. PRATT.

CHARLES C. TREAT. By per.

*f*

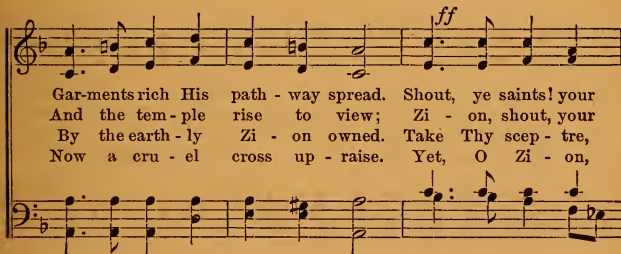


1. See from Beth - a - ny ad - vanc - ing Joy - ful throngs by  
 2. Now the sa - cred gates are lift - ed, Zi - on's King is  
 3. King of peace, Je - ho - vah's chos - en! King with high - est  
 4. Sad, ah, sad the change - ful mor - row, Bit - ter scorn for

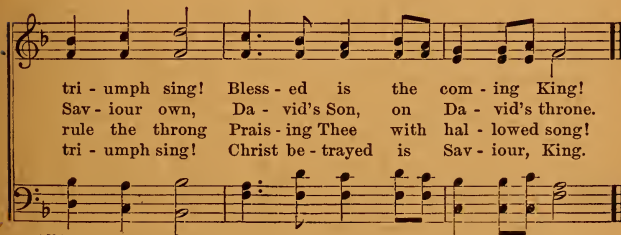


Je - sus led; Loud ho - san - nas rend the heav - ens,  
 pass - ing through. All the glo - ry of the cit - y  
 glo - ry crowned! Hon - ored by the hosts of heav - en,  
 ar - dent praise; They who'd build a throne of glo - ry,

*ff*



Gar - ments rich His path - way spread. Shout, ye saints! your  
 And the tem - ple rise to view; Zi - on, shout, your  
 By the earth - ly Zi - on owned. Take Thy scep - tre,  
 Now a cru - el cross up - raise. Yet, O Zi - on,



tri - umph sing! Bless - ed is the com - ing King!  
 Sav - iour own, Da - vid's Son, on Da - vid's throne.  
 rule the throng Prais - ing Thee with hal - lowed song!  
 tri - umph sing! Christ be - trayed is Sav - iour, King.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr.

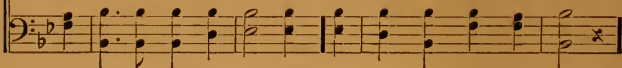
GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



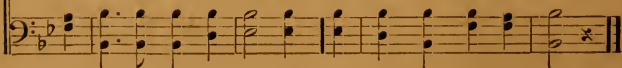
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:  
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:  
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead,  
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watching un - to prayer;  
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



### 33. CHRISTIAN ATTAINMENT.

1 O youth with hearts aspiring,  
What visions greet your eye!  
What fields for noble conquest!  
What growth and victory!  
How high your heavenly calling—  
The Christlike life to win,  
The prize of holy manhood,  
The overthrow of sin!

2 No end of high attainment  
Defines the Christian's goal;  
In Christ eternal progress  
Inspires the eager soul;

New strength and wisdom ever,  
New faith and sight and love,  
And glory crowning glory  
Till throned a king above.

3 O youth with hearts aspiring,  
Embrace your heavenly call;  
Your standard is perfection,  
Your Christ the Lord of all.  
Win others to His standard,  
Enlarge the youthful throng,  
Till all the earth, in Jesus,  
Can sing redemption's song.

REV. DWIGHT M. PRATT

### 34. FOR CHRIST.

1 For Christ is our Endeavor,  
Our hearts to Him belong,  
His presence cheers us ever,  
His love inspires our song;  
We come in youth's bright morning,  
Obedient to His word,  
And seek for our adorning,  
The beauty of the Lord.

2 In fulness of His blessing  
Good work for Him we do,  
His name with joy confessing,  
His standard-bearers true:

And He will never fail us,  
Whatever may betide,  
Though danger should assail us,  
In Him we safe abide.

3 So with youth's ardor glowing,  
We form a Christian band,  
The mind of Jesus knowing,  
We for His honor stand;  
For He is our endeavor  
And to Him we belong,  
Whose grace shall fail us never,  
Whose love inspires our song.

REV. ROBERT F. GORDON.

### 35. HO! ARMY OF ENDEAVORS.

1 Ho! Army of Endeavors!  
Your strength the times demand,  
Redemption waits your conquests,  
Obey your Lord's command,  
Rejoice! for God is with you,  
Strike hard the hosts of sin!  
March forth with courage ever  
For yours it is to win!

2 Ho! Army of Endeavors!  
It is your Leader's call.  
Go forth into the conflict,  
Not one of you shall fall!

Keep all your colors flying,  
Make every weapon bright,  
Look ever unto Jesus  
And gird you for the fight.

3 Lift high your royal banner!  
The banner of the cross,  
With shouts of glad hosannas:  
It cannot suffer loss.  
O happy, happy soldiers,  
Triumphant in your King,  
March on with shouts of gladness  
And songs of victory sing!

REV. JOEL S. IVMS.

### 36. MISSIONARY HYMN.

TUNE — "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," or "Webb."

1 The voice of Christ, our Saviour,  
Rings through the Christian world;  
Let gospel truth be spoken,  
My banner be unfurled  
In every land and nation,  
Where'er man's foot has trod;  
Go publish my salvation,  
Proclaim the Christ of God.

2 Baptised with heavenly wisdom,  
And lips aglow with love,  
Speak to the lost and fallen  
The message from above;

Unfold with holy courage  
The grand and glorious truth  
That speaks in benediction  
To every Christian youth.

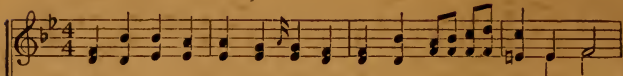
3 The promise of the Master  
Crowns with its glorious light  
Each faithful Christian soldier  
That strikes for God and right.  
Go ye, and preach the gospel  
In all its wondrous power;  
Go, the Redeemer's presence  
Shall crown thine every hour.

REV. W. F. ARMS.

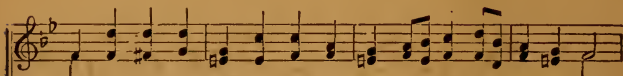
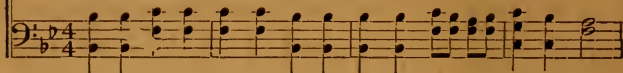
# 37. ENDEAVOR HYMN. 8s & 7s.

Rev. N. F. CARTER.

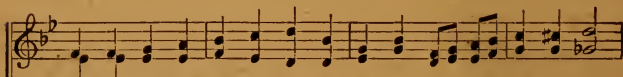
C. C. TREAT.



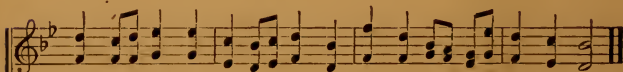
1. With a strong and glad en-deav-or Let us ral-ly round the cross,
2. In the joy of love's communion, Finding mo-tive and re-ward;



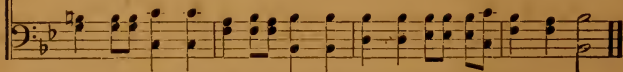
One in heart and zeal for - ev - er Seek to save the world from loss.  
Strong in purpose, strong in un-ion, As an ar-my of the Lord,



In no scant and stint-ed meas-ure Be our wealth and ser-vice giv'n;  
Let us on to fight our bat-tles In the heav'nly Mas-ter's name,



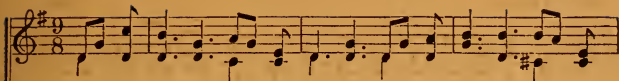
Let no love of ease or pleas-ure Hedge to one the way to heav'n.  
Though the thunder rolls and rat-tles Tho' the sheeted lightnings flame.



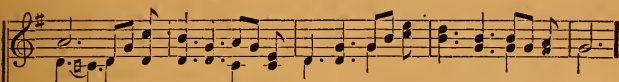
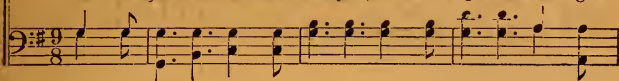


F. W. M.

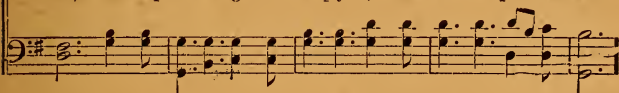
F. W. MESSE.



1. Is my Je - sus your Re-deemer, Has He cast out all your
2. Are you liv - ing now for Je - sus? Do you work with will - ing
3. Bring your ev - ery sin to Je - sus, Bring Him all your grief and
4. With His gen - tle hand He'll lead you, Should temptations strong as-



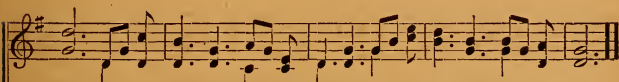
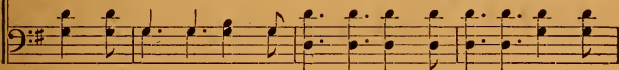
fears? Can you say, My God, I love Thee? Thou hast wip'd a - way my tears?  
 hands, Do you watch and pray for wisdom, Day by day as God commands?  
 care, He will car-ry all your burden, And will all your sor-row share.  
 sail, He has promised grace to help you, Never can His promise fail.



## CHORUS.



Je - sus now is kind - ly call - ing, Call-ing from His home a -



bove, Trust, O trust His boundless mercy, Trust His never dy - ing love.



Tune—"Only an Armor Bearer." Key B-flat.

- 1 "Christian Endeavor!" Ring the call through the land;  
 "Who will enlist under the Christ's command?  
 Great is the Master's work, the workers few,  
 Who will swell the numbers? Christian youth, you will?"

## CHORUS:

"Christian Endeavor!" This our watchword shall be;  
 Christian Endeavor! Till from service set free;  
 Armed with the strength of youth and purpose true  
 Always and everywhere Christ's work to do.

- 2 "Christian Endeavor!" Lo, the answering host  
 Ready for duty, every one at his post;  
 Surely the Captain must rejoice to see  
 Such a mighty army, one in loyalty.
- 3 "Christian Endeavor!" This indeed shall be mine,  
 All that would hinder I will gladly resign;  
 When I recall what Jesus did for me,  
 Steadfast in endeavor ever will I be.
- 4 "Christian Endeavor!" Oh, how glorious the sight!  
 Thousands together banded firm for the right;  
 Each one a worker, true to promise given,  
 Winning souls for Christ while marching on to heaven.

REV. HOWARD B. GROSE.

## 40. NOTHING BUT THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Tune—"Nothing but the Blood of Jesus." Key G. G. H. 332.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 What shall win my soul from sin?<br>Nothing but the love of Jesus.<br>What shall keep me pure within?<br>Nothing but the love of Jesus.<br>Oh, may that love divine<br>Glow in this heart of mine;<br>For nothing may I pine—<br>Nothing but the love of Jesus. | 3 What shall cheer my soul at last?<br>Nothing but the love of Jesus.<br>What make heaven when death is<br>past?<br>Nothing but the love of Jesus. |
| 2 What can make my burden light?<br>Nothing but the love of Jesus.<br>What bring victory to my fight?<br>Nothing but the love of Jesus.   | 4 Saints in glory shout the song,<br>"Nothing but the love of Jesus";<br>What shall add me to their throng?<br>Nothing but the love of Jesus.      |

REV. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D.

## 41. OUR YOUTH WE GIVE TO THEE.

Tune—"Glory, Glory Hallelujah!"

- 1 We are young in strength and wisdom, but our hearts are warm and free,  
 And our youth's bright hope and courage, Christ, our Saviour, Thine shall be;  
 Ours are crowns of buds and leaflets; take them, they are all for Thee;  
 Our youth we give to Thee.

CHORUS: Holy, holy Friend and Teacher,  
 Holy, holy Guide and Captain,  
 Holy, holy God, our Saviour,  
 Our youth we give to Thee.

- 2 We would learn to serve by serving, and by praying learn to pray,  
 And what now is meek endeavor shall be deed and fruit some day.  
 Life's a school with many teachers, Jesus shall be ours alway;  
 Our youth we give to Thee.

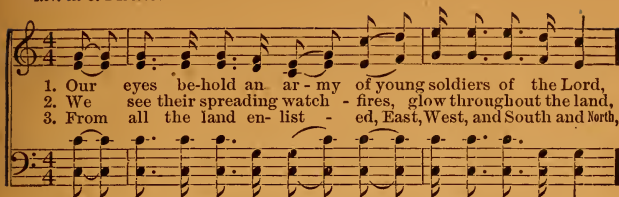
- 3 Help us, that in heavenly stature and in wisdom we may grow,  
 And may gain persuasive favor both with God and man below,  
 And upon our Father's business might and mind and strength bestow.  
 Our youth we give to Thee.

REV. J. E. FULLERTON.

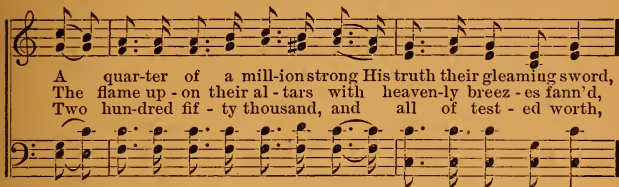


## 42. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

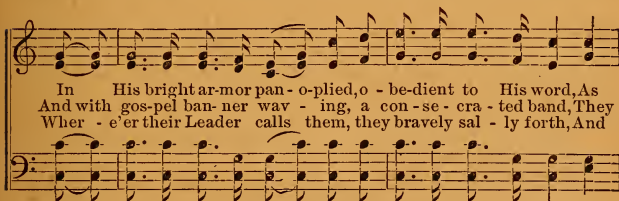
Rev. A. C. DENISON.



1. Our eyes be-hold an ar-my of young soldiers of the Lord,  
2. We see their spreading watch-fires, glow throughout the land,  
3. From all the land en-list-ed, East, West, and South and North,

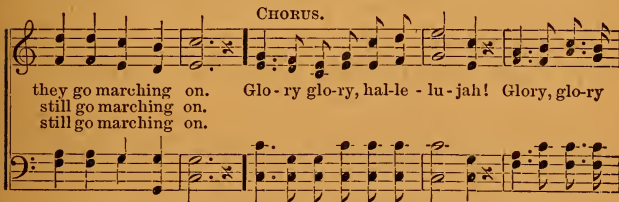


A quar-ter of a mill-ion strong His truth their gleaming sword,  
The flame up-on their al-tars with heav-enly breez-es fann'd,  
Two hun-dred fif-ty thousand, and all of test-ed worth,

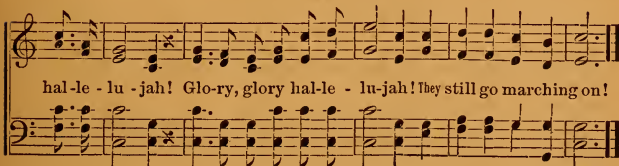


In His bright ar-mor pan-o-plied, o-be-dient to His word, As  
And with gos-pel ban-ner wav-ing, a con-se-cra-ted band, They  
Wher-e'er their Leader calls them, they bravely sal-ly forth, And

CHORUS.



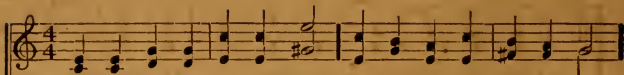
they go marching on. Glo-ry glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glory, glo-ry  
still go marching on.  
still go marching on.



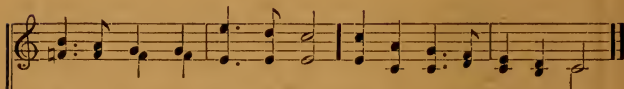
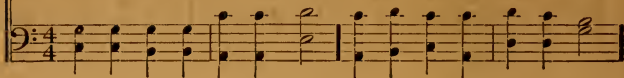
hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glory hal-le-lu-jah! They still go marching on!

A. D. F. LOCKWOOD.

REV. R. DEWITT MALLART.



1. Sav-iour, who Thy life didst give, That our life mightransomed be,
2. Help us that we fal-ter not, Though the fields are white and wide,
3. Guide us, that with simple feet, We may speed us on our way,
4. Sweet the ser-vice, blest the toil; Thine a-lone the glo-ry be;



Rest we not till all the world Hears that love and turns to Thee.  
 And the reap-ers, sore-ly press'd, Call for aid on ev-ery side.  
 Lead-ing dark-ened na-tions forth In-to Thine e-ter-nal day.  
 O bap-tize our souls a-new; Con-se-erate us all to Thee.



1 Son of God, who lovest me,  
 Take me, make me all Thine own.  
 Grand and pure let my life be,  
 Fitted for Thy cause alone.

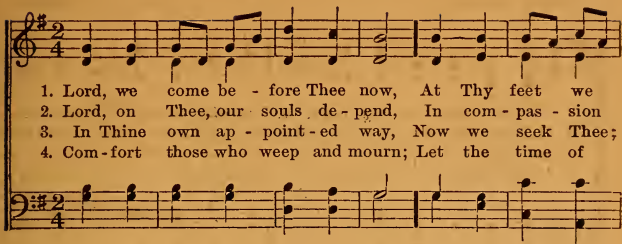
2 Send me where it pleases Thee,  
 Help me tell the tidings glad.  
 Let my feet swift servants be,  
 Bearing joy to hearts made sad.

3 Sever any eord of love  
 But what binds me close to Thee.  
 From my life all self remove,  
 Glorify Thyself with me.

FRANCES E. NEWTON. (Alt.)

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

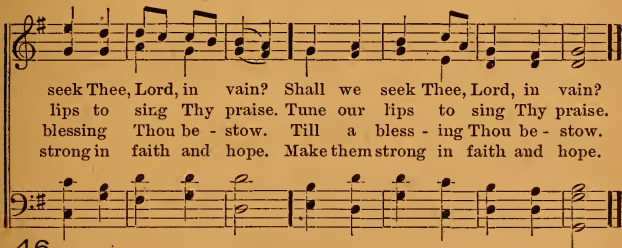
Rev. C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we  
 2. Lord, on Thee, our souls de - pend, In com - pas - sion  
 3. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee;  
 4. Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of



hum - bly bow; Oh, do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we  
 now de - scend; Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our  
 here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go, Till a  
 joy re - turn; Those that are cast down lift up; Make them



seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
 lips to sing Thy praise. Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.  
 blessing Thou be - stow. Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.  
 strong in faith and hope. Make them strong in faith and hope.

## 46.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer,  
 He Himself has bid thee pray,  
 Therefore will not say thee, nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,  
 Large petitions with thee bring,  
 For His grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,  
 Lord, remove this load of sin;  
 Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

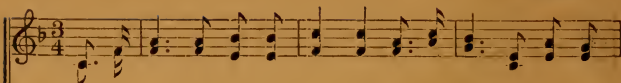
4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast,  
 There Thy blood-bought right main-  
 tain,  
 And without a rival reign.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

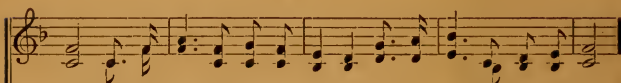
(31)

I. E. D.

I. E. DIEKENGA.



1. Trust in God and do your du - ty, Let re - sults be what they
2. Do your du - ty to your neigh - bor, Shunning ev - ery vice and
3. Do your du - ty, ne'er de - lay - ing, Tho' your dear - est be at



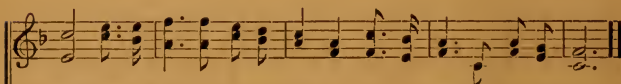
will: Life of truest strength and beauty Is to do one's du - ty still.  
 fraud; And, tho' man re - vile you for it, Do your du - ty to your God.  
 stake; Do it bold - ly, humbly praying "Help me, Lord, for Jesus' sake.



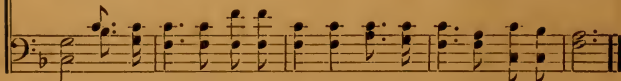
## CHORUS.



Do your du - ty; do it brave - ly; Care not what the world may



say: If you see your du - ty clear - ly, Do it, shrink not from the fray.

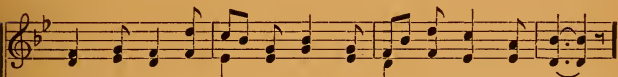


MISS A. STEELE.

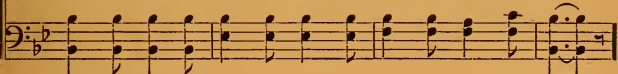
FRANK W. MESSE.



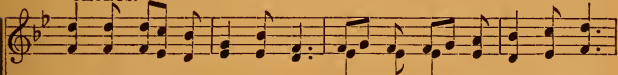
1. To our Redeemer's glorious name A-wake the sa-cred song; Oh,
2. His love, what mortal tho't can reach; What mor-tal tongue display; Im-
3. Dear Lord, while we, a - dor-ing, pay Our humble thanks to Thee, May
4. Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill ev-ery heart and tongue! Till



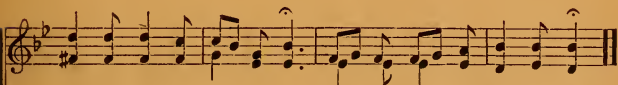
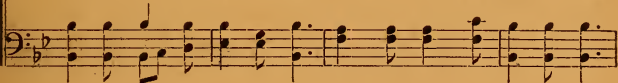
may His love—im-mor-tal flame!—Tune ev-ery heart and tongue.  
 ag - i - na-tion's ut-most stretch, In wonder dies a - way.  
 ev - ery heart with rap - ture say, "The Saviour died for me!"  
 stran-gers love Thy charming name, And join the sa - cred song.



## CHORUS.



Oh, such love can we re-fuse, None but Je - sus will we choose,

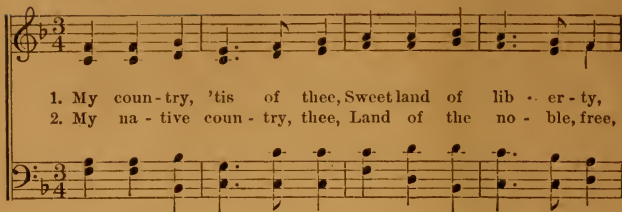


O such love can we re-fuse, None but Je - sus will we choose.

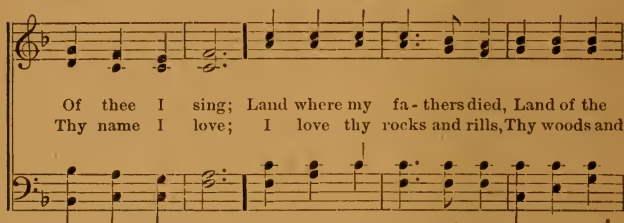


Rev. S. F. SMITH.

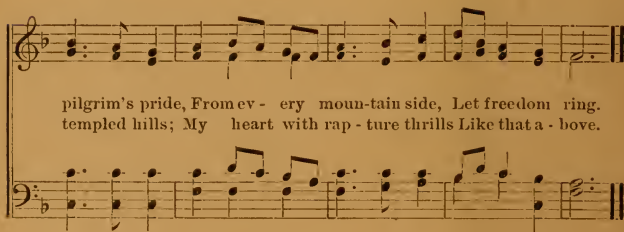
Arr. by HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and



pilgrim's pride, From ev - ery moun-tain side, Let freedom ring.  
templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## 50. A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

TUNE — "America."

1 God opens wide His hand,  
In this our native land,  
Year after year. —  
From His abundant store  
He giveth evermore,  
"Press'd down and running o'er,"  
Our hearts to cheer. —

2 What though the earth may quake,  
And hills, and mountains shake,  
He lives and reigns. —  
The oceans ebb and flow,  
The seasons come and go,  
His word no change can know,  
Its truth remains. —

3 That spring-time "shall not cease,"  
And summer yield increase,  
Whilst autumn brings  
From fields the golden grain,  
From orchards fruits again,  
Our frail lives to sustain —  
God's choicest things. —

4 To Him who governs all  
And notes a "sparrow's fall,"  
All Nations' King,  
We will from shore to shore,  
Our loving Lord adore,  
Till "Time shall be no more,"  
His praises sing. —

WM. JAMES.

## 51. A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1 God bless the noble band,  
Who work to save our land  
From drink and shame.  
And labor to bring in  
Men from the paths of sin,  
A new life to begin  
In Jesus' name.

2 The dark past left behind,  
Renewed in heart, and mind,  
By Christ forgiven.  
Angels in realms of light,  
In one glad song unite;  
As in God's Book they write  
Each name in Heaven.

3 Thus homes are bright once more;  
As in the days of yore,  
True love reigns there.  
Hush'd is the cruel word,  
With joy each heart is stirr'd,  
The voice of praise is heard  
Filling the air.

4 God bless the noble band,  
In this and every land,  
Who work for Thee,  
The drunkard to restore  
That he may sin no more,  
But Thy name, Lord, adore,  
Eternally.

WM. JAMES.

## 52. A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TUNE — "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

1 Onward, Temperance soldiers,  
'Gainst the hosts of sin,  
In the mighty conflict  
Victory we shall win;  
Drink, the great Goliath  
Shall before us fall,  
David's God is with us,  
"He is Lord of all."

CHO. — Onward, Temperance soldiers,  
Angels from afar  
Look with loving int'rest  
On the righteous war.

2 Onward go with courage,  
Hear the children's cry,  
Mothers of the nations  
Plead with God on high;  
Work and prayer shall conquer,  
For His own word's sake;

He the powers of darkness  
Mightily shall shake.

3 Onward, then, with patience,  
Let no heart dismay,  
After night and darkness  
Comes the new-born day;  
The sun continues shining,  
Though clouds intervene,  
God is wisely working,  
To our sight unseen.

4 Onward, then, go bravely;  
We encompassed are  
By angelic spirits,  
In this righteous war;  
Hereafter they will greet us,  
On the stormless shore,  
With glad songs of welcome  
When Time's conflict's o'er.

WILLIAM JAMES.



Rev. W. F. ARMS.

C. H. CHANDLER.



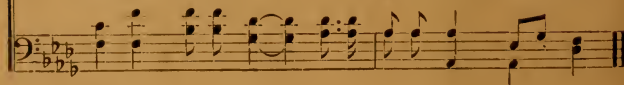
1. Christ of Cal-vary slain for me, I sur-ren-der all to Thee; I will
2. I am con - se - cra - ted now, To Thy will I humbly bow; At Thy
3. Let me walk where He has trod, Loyal to the Son of God; Let me
4. Fill my soul with power divine, Make me always, only Thine; Crown my



trust Thy sacred blood, Plunge beneath the crimson flood, Rise in  
sum - mons I will go, Tho' the flood should overflow; Sure am  
share His grief and pain, Stand be-neath the cross again, Bound by  
life with Christly grace, Let me see Thy smiling face; Then at



res - ur - rection power, Crown with service ev - ery hour.  
I of wel - come meet Follow-ing the Mas - ter's feet.  
chains of ho - ly love To His great white throne a - bove.  
last from earth I'll rise To a mansion in the skies.

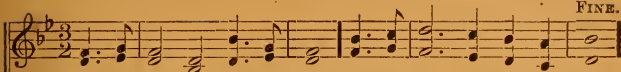




Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

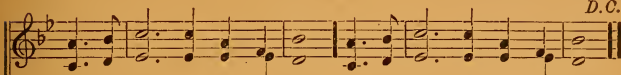
FINE.



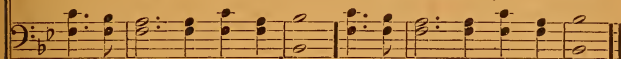
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;  
 D.C. Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.  
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's demands;  
 D.C. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.



D.C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,



3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyes shall close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

## 55.

1 Blessed are the sons of God,  
 They are bought with Jesus' blood;  
 They are ransomed from the grave;  
 Life eternal they shall have;  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,  
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace;  
 All their sins are washed away;

They shall stand in God's great day;  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

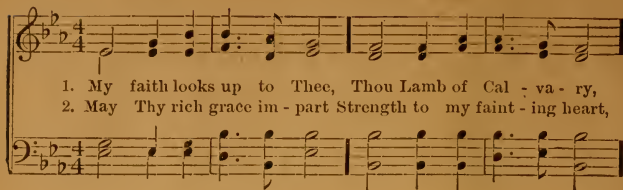
3 They are lights upon the earth,—  
 Children of a heavenly birth,—  
 One with God, with Jesus one;  
 Glory is in them begun;  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

Rev. JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

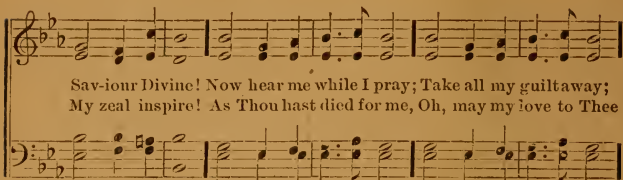
# 56. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

REV. RAY PALMER.

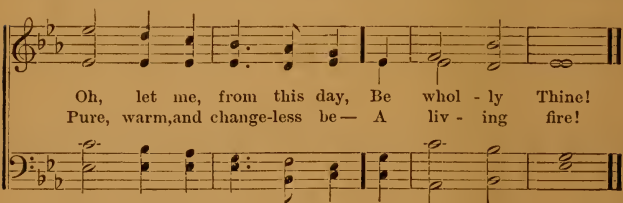
L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,



Sav-iour Divine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away;  
My zeal inspire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee



Oh, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine!  
Pure, warm, and change-less be — A liv - ing fire!

## 57.

1 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With loving zeal;  
The poor, and them that mourn,  
The faint and overborne,  
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
Whom Christ doth heal!

2 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With fervent prayer:  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passion tossed,  
Redeemed, at countless cost,  
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

Rev. J. O. BARROWS.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. O Christ, to Thee I live, To Thee I whol-ly give  
 2. This con-se-cra-tion hour, By Thy rich grace and power,  
 3. Should mighty foes as-sail, I can o'er them pre-vail,  
 4. And when Thou, Lord, dost come, To take me to Thy home,

My-self a-way; The gift, how poor and small! Yet, Lord, I  
 My joy shall be; How sweet it is to know, Tho' rough my  
 And nev-er fall; For Thou al-might-y art To shield my  
 My spir-it free; "O death, where is thy sting!" I shall in

bring Thee all; Be-fore Thy face I fall; Ac-cept, I pray!  
 path be-low, In all the way I go, I walk with Thee.  
 o-pen heart From ev-ery fi-ery dart; On Thee I call.  
 tri-umph sing, As borne on an-gel's wing, I rise to Thee!

## 58 a.

## CHRIST OUR GUIDE.

1 Blest Saviour, near to Thee,  
 Who art so dear to me,  
 Gladly I tread;  
 I love to walk beside  
 So kind and true a Guide,  
 For ne'er can ill betide  
 Those by Thee led.

2 Lead me where Thou wilt lead,  
 Thy hungering flock to feed  
 Gladly I'll haste;  
 I would not idle be

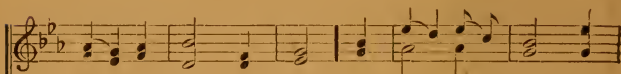
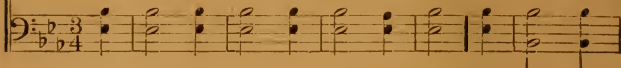
While still, afar from Thee,  
 I can one wanderer see  
 On earth's drear waste.

3 Send me where Thou wilt send,  
 To foe or loving friend  
 Gladly I'll go;  
 No harm have I to fear  
 Since Thou art ever near,  
 Thy smile my way shall cheer  
 Life's journey through.

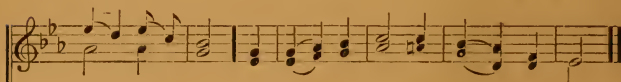
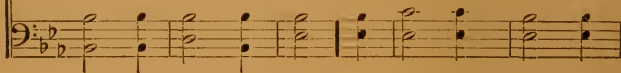
Music and Words by Rev. F. E. Snow.



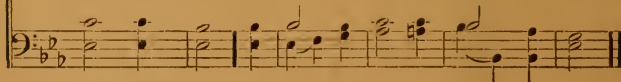
1. The con - se - cra - tion hour is nigh, And as these  
 2. De - pend - ent on Thy love di - vine, What have we,



mo - ments quick - ly fly, We lin - ger here to  
 Lord, that is not Thine? For Thou didst first each



meet our Lord, And lis - ten for His gra - cious word.  
 gift be - stow And all things to Thy grace we owe.



3 Naught that we have our own we call;  
 To Thee we would devote our all;  
 And, if a sacrifice it be,  
 We make it willingly for Thee.

4 Made strong by Thine indwelling grace  
 We will with courage run our race,  
 Looking to Thee, Author of Faith:  
 Oh! make us faithful unto death.

Words and Music by Rev. J. S. NORRIS.

1. Emp - ty me of self, dear Saviour, My poor heart re - new;  
 2. While I cry to Thee, dear Saviour, Cleanse me from all sin;  
 3. Give me Thy own mind, dear Saviour, Teach me Thy sweet will;  
 4. Help me, day by day, dear Saviour, Give me strength divine;

This great work, so wondrous ho - ly, Thou a - lone canst do.  
 Wash me in the crim - son fountain, Make me pure with - in.  
 Fill me with Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Thy blest word ful - fil.  
 Grant me wis - dom for Thy ser - vice, All Thou hast is mine.

## CHORUS.

Emp - ty me of self, dear Sav - iour, Help me know Thy love;

Emp - ty me of self, dear, loving Saviour, Help me know Thy love;

Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.

Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.

Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.

Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.

Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.

# 61. COME, CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

DOROTHY A. THURPP.

CHARLES C. TREAT.

*Spirited. mf*

1. Come, Christian children, come and raise Your voice with one accord: Come  
 2. Sing of the wonders of His truth, And read in ev-ery page, The  
 3. Sing of the wonders of His grace, Who made and keeps you His, And

sing in joy - ful songs of praise, The glo-ries of your Lord. Sing  
 prom-ise made to ear-liest youth Ful-filled to lat-est age. Sing  
 guides you to th' appointed place At His right hand in bliss. Sing

of the won-ders of His love, And loud-est prais-es give To  
 of the won-ders of His power, Who with His own right arm, Up-  
 of the won-ders of His name, And Je - sus Christ a - dore; Him

Him who left His throne a - bove And died that you might live.  
 holds and keeps you hour by hour, And shields from ev-ery harm.  
 for your Lord and God proclaim, And praise Him ev-er - more.

## 62. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, 4.

Key E-flat.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,<br/>         Much we need Thy tend'rest care,<br/>         In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,<br/>         For our use Thy folds prepare:<br/>         Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,<br/>         Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;<br/>         Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,<br/>         Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.</p> | <p>3 Thou hast promised to receive us,<br/>         Poor and sinful though we be;<br/>         Thou hast mercy to relieve us,<br/>         Grace to cleanse, and power to free.<br/>         Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,<br/>         We will early turn to Thee;<br/>         Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,<br/>         We will early turn to Thee.</p> |
| <p>2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, 4<br/>         Be the Guardian of our way;<br/>         Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,<br/>         Seek us when we go astray;<br/>         Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,<br/>         Hear, O hear us, when we pray;<br/>         Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,<br/>         Hear, O hear us, when we pray.</p>             | <p>Early let us seek Thy favor,<br/>         Early let us do Thy will;<br/>         Blessed Lord and only Saviour,<br/>         With Thy love our bosoms fill.<br/>         Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,<br/>         Thou hast loved us, love us still;<br/>         Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,<br/>         Thou hast loved us, love us still.</p>    |

DOROTHY THURPP.

## 63. THE SHINING SHORE.

Key G.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My days are gliding swiftly by,<br/>         And I a pilgrim stranger,<br/>         Would not detain them as they fly,<br/>         Those hours of toil and danger.</p> | <p>Our absent Lord has left us word,<br/>         Let every lamp be burning.—CHO.</p>  |
| <p>CHORUS.</p>   |  |
| <p>For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,<br/>         Our friends are passing over,<br/>         And just before, the shining shore<br/>         We may almost discover.</p>   | <p>3 Should coming days be cold and dark,<br/>         We need not cease our singing;<br/>         That perfect rest naught can molest,<br/>         Where golden harps are ringing.<br/>         CHO.</p> |
| <p>2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,<br/>         Our heavenly home discerning;</p>  | <p>4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,<br/>         Each chord on earth to sever;<br/>         Our King says Come, and there's our<br/>         home,<br/>         Forever, O forever.—CHO.</p>            |

REV. DAVID NELSON.

## 64. THE SWEET STORY.

- 1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
 I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
 That His arm had been thrown around me,  
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet stilk to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
 And ask for a share in His love;  
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
 I shall see Him in glory above:—
- 4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare.  
 For all who are washed and forgiven:  
 And many dear children are gathering there,  
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

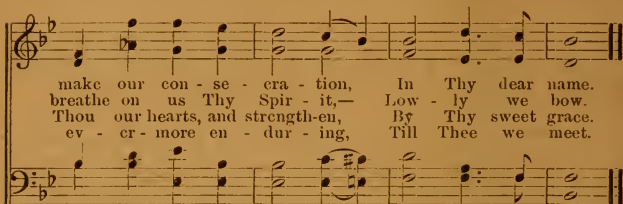
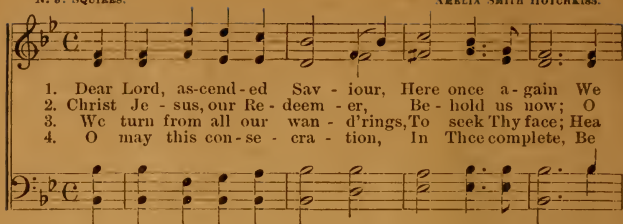
Mrs. J. L. LUKK.

( 42 )



N. J. SQUIRES.

AMELIA SMITH HOTCHKISS.



## 66.

## RECONSECRATION.

TUNE.—“My Hope is built on nothing less.”

- 1 O God, my Father in the sky!  
 Thou who dost hear me when I cry!  
 Oh, make “these hands, these lips,  
     these eyes,  
 This heart,” a living sacrifice!  
 As once again, on bended knee,  
 I consecrate myself to Thee.
- 2 Oh, help me self to put aside,  
 And to Thy guidance al. confide!  
 Send Thou to me whate’er is best
- Of joy or sorrow, work or rest;  
 And make my love to Thee sincere —  
 That perfect love that casts out fear.
- 3 Teach me in all things how to live;  
 For only Thou true life canst give.  
 My heart doth yearn to serve Thee  
     more,  
 For Thou dost brim my gift-cup o’er;  
 And holdest fast my hand in Thine,  
 O Christ! I’m glad that Thou art mine!

M. ALICE METCALF.

## 67.

## THE SOLID ROCK.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus’ name.  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His  
     face,  
 I rest on His unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale,
- My anchor holds within the veil:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood:  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

REV. EDWARD MOTTE.

C. B. J. ROOT.

Psalms 9: 9.

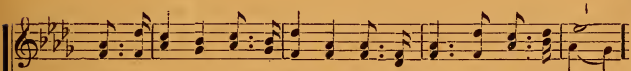
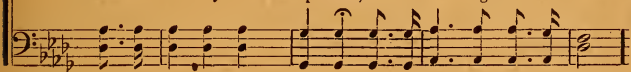
G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. Lord, I come to thee for refuge, From the world's al-lur-ing charms;
2. When my soul could find no comfort, When earth's joys were turn'd to dross,
3. Lord, my heart is now a-bid-ing, Sweet-ly rest-ing in thy love;



Safe with-in the loving shel-ter, Of the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 Then I found a cleansing fountain, Opened at my Saviour's cross.  
 Grace for ev-'ry dark temptation, I'm re-ceiv-ing from a-bove.



Bless-ed comfort, sweet confiding, In the shel-ter of thy love;  
 There my sins as red as crimson, Whiter than the snow be-came,  
 Can I doubt thee, Lord, no never Let me from my hope be moved;



Heavenly peace, I'm now possessing, Through the cleansing of thy blood.  
 And my soul is now re-deem-ed, Hal-le-lu-jah to His name.  
 Safe, secure, thou'lt safely bring me To thy bless-ed rest a-bove.



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DUET.  
*Moderato.*

F. W. Massé.

1. There is no name on earth so sweet, No name so sweet in heaven; Je -  
2. Thy charming name we love to hear, We love to hear the story; No

sus the name we love to greet, To Christ the Saviour giv-en.  
oth-er theme to us so dear, As Je - sus and His glo-ry.

CHORUS.

We'll gather round our Saviour King, Whose precious name can save us, With

songs of love and joy we'll sing, And hail Him, bless-ed Je-sus.

MRS. MARY F. MAUDE.

REV. W. L. REMSBERG.

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us  
 2. Thine for - ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us  
 3. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest, They who  
 4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our

from Thy throne a - bove; Thine for - ev - er may we  
 thro' our earth - ly strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the  
 find in Thee their rest; Sav - iour, Guard-ian, heav-enly  
 wants by Thee sup - plied, All our sins by Thee for -

be, . . Here and to e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Way, Guide us to the realms of day.  
 Friend, O de - fend us to the end.  
 giv'n, Lead us Lord, from earth to heav'n.

## 70 a.

1 Joyful be the hours to-day;  
 Joyful let the seasons be;  
 Let us sing, for well we may:  
 Jesus! we will sing of Thee.

2 Should Thy people silent be,  
 Then the very stones would sing:  
 What a debt we owe to Thee,  
 Thee, our Saviour, Thee our King!

3 Joyful are we now to own,  
 Rapture thrills us as we trace  
 All the deeds Thy love hath done,  
 All the riches of Thy grace.

4 'Tis Thy grace alone can save;  
 Every blessing comes from Thee—  
 All we have, and hope to have,  
 All we are and hope to be.

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

Rev. T. DWIGHT, D. D.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,  
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 3. Be-yond my high - est joy I prize her heaven-ly ways;  
 4. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own precious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.  
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.  
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield And brighter bliss of heaven.

## CONSECRATION HYMN.

- 1 Hear ye the Lord's command!  
 "Young men, to you I call,  
 For ye are strong. Possess the land!  
 Redeem the world from sin!"
- 2 Lord, we obey Thy call,  
 Our youth, our strength, our hope,  
 Our talents, aspirations — all  
 Are Thine, and Thine alone.
- 3 Accept our sacrifice;  
 Our weak endeavors bless.  
 Make Thou our growing thousands strong  
 In Thine almightiness!
- 4 Give us more faith, O Lord!  
 Open our eyes to see  
 The recompense of the reward:  
 Thine shall the glory be.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

From H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;  
 3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain:

The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, — Our comforts and our cares.  
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.  
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

- 1 How glorious is the day  
 Now dawning on our sight!  
 Our fathers saw but feebler ray  
 Of early morning light.
- 2 We see a mighty throng,  
 The gathering hosts of youth,  
 With banner high, with joyous song,  
 For Christ and for the truth.
- 3 Then let us with them be,  
 Our lives to Jesus give;  
 His word of might will make us free  
 His Spirit in us live.
- 4 Thus one united band,  
 Each victor in the strife,  
 We go to take from Jesus' hand  
 A crown of endless life.

Rev. JOHN O. BARROWS.



I. E. D.

I. E. DIEKENGA.



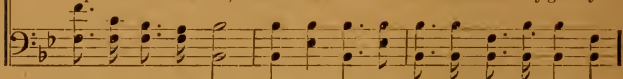
1. Lift your eyes! the light is break-ing o'er you; See, the mists are
2. Trust in God and noth-ing shall confound you, Foes may charge, but
3. Give your heart to Him who died to save you, Humbly lay your



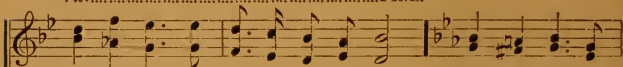
CHO. Forward, now! advance, and do not wa-ver! Per-se-vere and



ris-ing from the world, All the way is bright and clear before you,  
can-not make a - fraid; For His love will ev - er-more surround you,  
tro-phies at His feet, Praise His name whose love and mercy gave you



gain your high reward; Faith-ful - ly press on in true en-deav-or,  
*rit.*.....*FINE.*

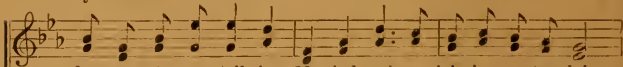


Where the Sav-iour's ban-ner is un-furled.  
And your soul shall nev-er be dis-mayed.  
Life and par-don, pre-cious and com-plete.

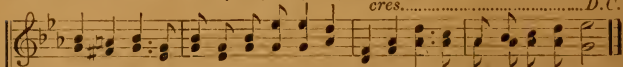
Hear the bells the  
In the shel-ter  
Oh, be not a -



They shall win who bat-tle for the Lord.



hap-py sto-ry tell-ing, My-riad voic-es join in sweet acclaim,  
of the Rock of A-ges We may hide and lean up-on His arm;  
shamed to work for Je-sus, For His blood was freely shed for all,



Far and wide the mighty chorus swelling, Hallelujah! Glory to His name!  
What tho' fierce and wild the tempest rages, He will keep us safe from every harm.  
And His loving kindness never leaves us, Let us then be ready at His call.

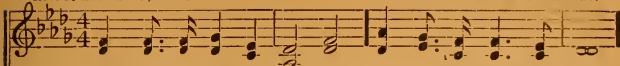




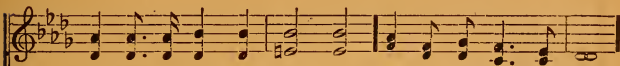
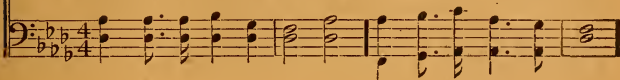
# 76. FAR UP THE HEIGHTS OF GLORY.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

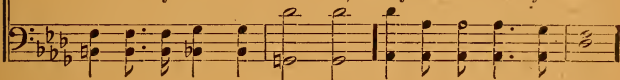
Rev. R. DEW. MALLART.



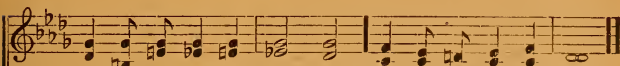
1. Far up the heights of glo - ry, The youth who've fought the fight,
2. Sharp was their earthly bat - tle, Their ar - mor soon laid down;
3. Not they like corn un - ri - pened, For Je - sus gar - nered them;
4. They fell like dauntless he - roes, Our earth-born chil - dren fair;



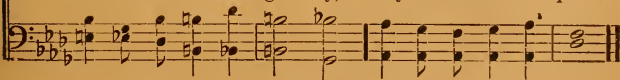
I see all gird with lau - rels, I see all bathed in light;  
 Their life no' brok - en col - umn, They sooner wore the crown.  
 The first fruits of the har - vest, His hosts to di - a - dem.  
 In ver - y front of bat - tle, They took the mar - tyr's share.



Withstood they here for Je - sus, Brief time, life's hopes and fears;  
 No age can dim the lus - tre That kindled in their eye,  
 I see the fair bat - tal - ions, No win - ter does them ruth;  
 The Captain saw and called them, The fields of light to grace;



They burn with youthful ar - dor, Thro' the e - ter - nal years.  
 They wear un - fad - ing rai - ment, The ves - ture of the sky.  
 They drink the liv - ing wa - ters, Glow with e - ter - nal youth.  
 A - mid the ranks of glo - ry, In youth to hold their place.



PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.

2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him that merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. { 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine: He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4. { Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fix'd on this blissful cen-tre, rest; Nor ev-er from thy Lord depart; With Him, of ev-'ry good possess'd.

5. { High Heav'n that heard the solomn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way!

FINE.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic-ing ev-'ry day.

D.S.

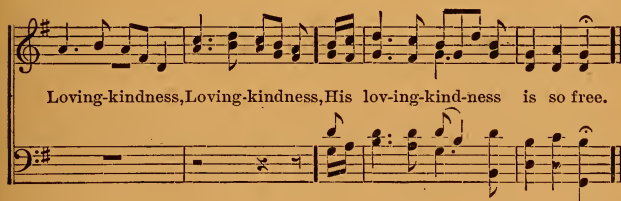
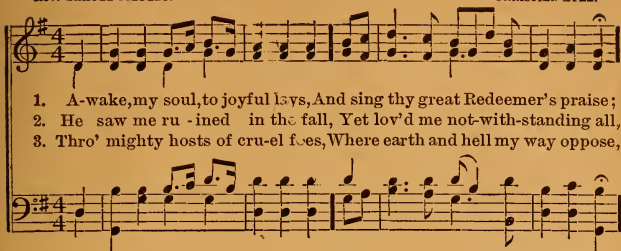
- 1 Now I resolve with all my heart,  
With all my pow'rs, to serve the  
Lord,  
Nor from His precepts e'er depart  
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh, be this service all my joy!  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the blest employ,  
And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determined choice,  
To yield to His supreme control,  
And in His kind commands rejoice.
- 4 Oh, may I never tire or faint,  
Nor wandering leave His sacred  
ways;  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live Thy  
praise.

MISS A. STEELE.

(52)

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

CHRISTIAN LYRE.



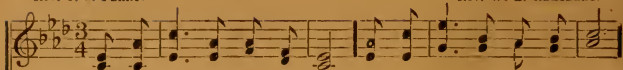
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right<br>To every service I can pay,<br>And call it my supreme delight<br>To hear Thy dictates and obey.              | 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,<br>Or to increase my worldly good;<br>Nor future days nor powers employ<br>To spread a sounding name abroad. |
| 2 What is my being, but for Thee,<br>Its sure support, its noblest end?<br>Thine ever smiling face to see,<br>And serve the cause of such a Friend. | 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,<br>To Him who for my ransom died;<br>Nor could the bowers of Eden give<br>Such bliss as blossoms at His side.    |

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

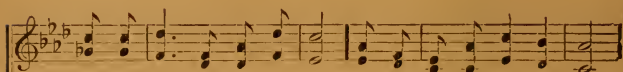
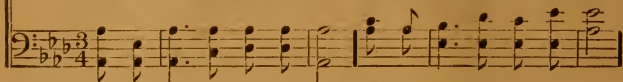
(53)

Rev. T. S. PERRY.

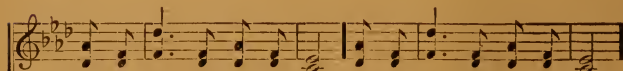
Rev. W. L. REMSBERG.



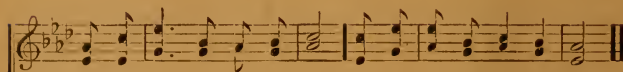
1. Saviour, I have need of Thee; Faith is faint, and hope is weak;
2. Let me know that love of Thine, Which all knowledge passeth still;



Far and far-ther seems to be That fair home of Thine I seek;  
 Let me feel Thy peace di-vine All my spir-it sweet-ly fill;



Home and rest, and peace di-vine From my seek-ing seem to flee;  
 Life of my life wilt Thou be; Then be-tide what-ev-er may,



Yet, dear Sav-iour, I am Thine; Come, for I have need of Thee.  
 It shall be e-nough for me, I shall walk with Thee to-day.



HARRY H. PALMER.

CHAS. C. TRBAT.

*p Moderato.*

1. Come to the Mas-ter, wan-d'r'er, Come to your long sought home,  
 2. Come to the Mas-ter, sin - ner, Cast off your wea-ry load;  
 3. Come to the Mas-ter, come ye, Heed now the earn-est call;  
 4. Soon will the strife be o - ver, What, then, will be your fate?

Je - sus is call-ing, call - ing Come, nev-er more to roam.  
 An-gels are beck'ning, beck'ning All down the nar-row road.  
 Je - sus is wait-ing, wait - ing, Haste, at His feet to fall.  
 Je - sus is pleading, pleading, Come, e'er it be too late.

Tune—"Heudon."

1 Saviour, teach me, day by day,  
 Love's sweet lesson to obey;  
 Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
 Loving Him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
 Strong to follow in Thy grace:  
 Learning how to love from Thee,  
 Loving Him who first loved me.

UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

## EVEN ME.

Key of G.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
 Thou art scattering full and free—  
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
 Let some droppings fall on me—  
*Even me, even me,*  
*Let Thy blessing fall on me.*

3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
 Thou can'st make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me.

4 Love of God, so 'pure and change-  
 less,  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
 Grace of God, so strong and bound-  
 less,  
 Magnify them all in me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
 Sinful though my heart may be;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
 Let Thy mercy fall on me.

MRS. ELIZ. CODNER.

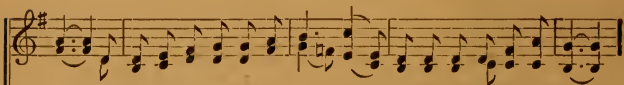
# 85. WALK IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

L. A. CLOUGH.

F. W. MESSE.



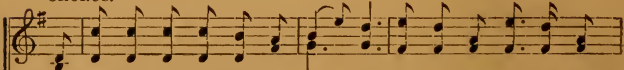
1. O walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, Child of His won-der-ful
2. O walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, Wea-ry one, burdened with
3. O walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, Mourning one, o - ver the



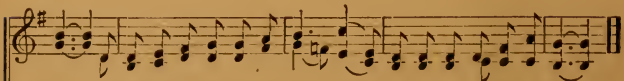
love, O follow, for soon they will guide thee Up to those mansions above.  
care, Now lift up thine eyes unto heaven, Lift up thy spirit in prayer.  
dead, For gently His arms will enfold thee, Tenderly pil-low thy head.



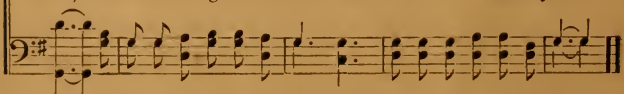
## CHORUS.



Yes, walk in the footsteps of Je - sus Keeping fast hold of His



hand, For thus will He guide thee and lead thee On to the heavenly land.

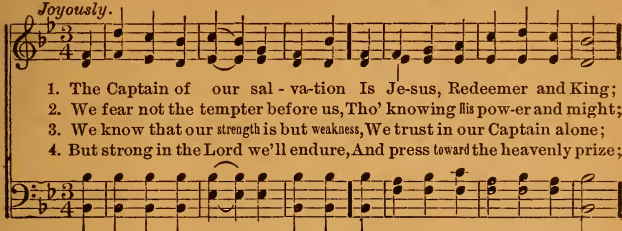




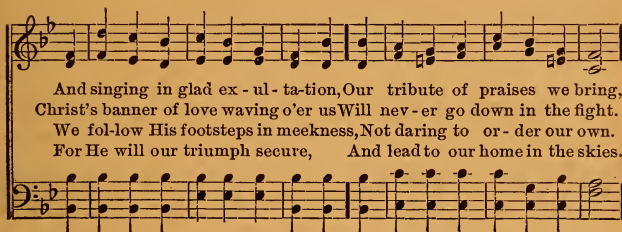
# 86. THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.

Words and Music by Rev. F. E. SNOW.

*Joyously.*

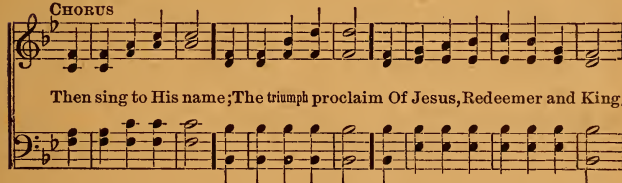


1. The Captain of our sal - va - tion Is Je - sus, Redeemer and King;  
 2. We fear not the tempter before us, Tho' knowing his pow - er and might;  
 3. We know that our strength is but weakness, We trust in our Captain alone;  
 4. But strong in the Lord we'll endure, And press toward the heavenly prize;

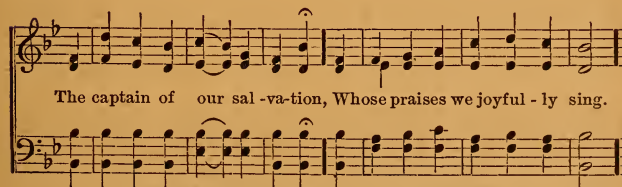


And singing in glad ex - ul - ta - tion, Our tribute of praises we bring,  
 Christ's banner of love waving o'er us Will nev - er go down in the fight.  
 We fol - low His footsteps in meekness, Not daring to or - der our own.  
 For He will our triumph secure, And lead to our home in the skies.

CHORUS



Then sing to His name; The triumph proclaim Of Jesus, Redeemer and King.



The captain of our sal - va - tion, Whose praises we joyful - ly sing.



WM. COWPER.

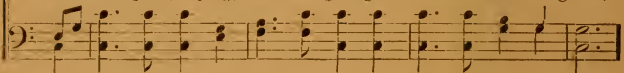
WESTERN MELODY.



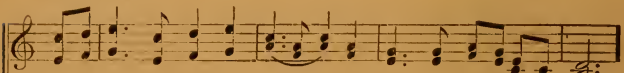
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day:
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
4. Then in a no-bler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save,



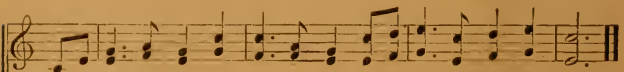
And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,  
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,



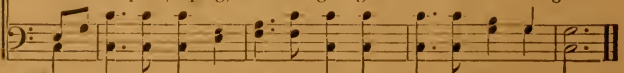
## REFRAIN.



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.  
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

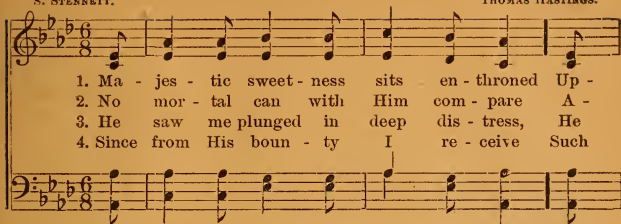


And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

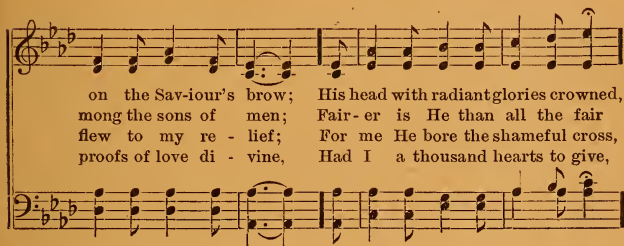


S. STENNETT.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up -  
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare A -  
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, He  
 4. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Such



on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,  
 mong the sons of men; Fair-er is He than all the fair  
 flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shameful cross,  
 proofs of love di - vine, Had I a thousand hearts to give,



His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
 That fill the heavenly train, That fill the heavenly train.  
 And car-ried all my grief, And carried all my grief.  
 Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

## 89.

- 1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name, 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
 'Tis music to mine ear; In Thee doth richly meet;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
 That earth and heaven should hear. Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
 My Transport and my Trust; And sheds its fragrance there;  
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, The noblest balm of all its wounds.  
 And gold is sordid dust. The cordial of its care.

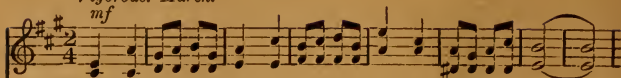
REV. PHILIP DODDREDGE.

( 59 )

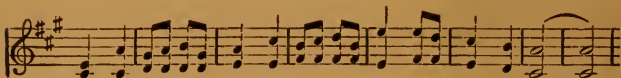
## RALLY SONG.

Words by HARRY PALMER.

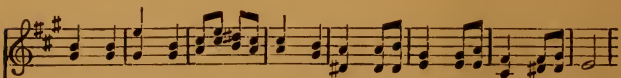
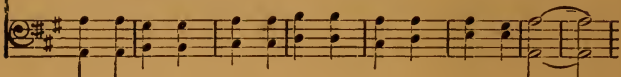
Music by CHAS. C. TREAT.

*Vigorous. March.**mf*

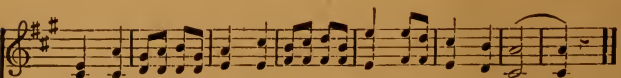
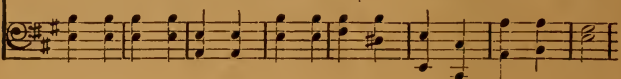
1. Come, all ye who love your Mas-ter, Haste to do His will;
2. Christ demands our best en-deavors, Now in days of youth;
3. Ral - ly! then, for Christ and victory, Strike a mighty blow,



Ral - ly round His roy - al standard, Je - sus reign-eth still.  
 We must watch and work in ear-nest, Bat-ling for the truth.  
 Have your weapons bright and shining, Read-y for the foe.



See, the hosts of sin are pressing Hard up - on our wea - ry band;  
 Let no selfish, wrong am - bitious Lure us from the Sav - iour's side;  
 O, to ban - ish sin and suffering, O, to drive out vice and crime;



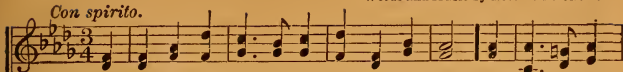
Let us rise in might and con-quer, O - ver-come the land.  
 Ev - er ac - tive, ev - er watchful, Whate'er ill - be - tide.  
 May God speed the glo-rious tri-umph, In the com-ing time.



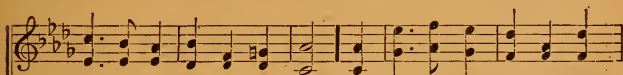
# 91. RALLYING SONG FOR Y. P. S. C. E.

Words and Music by Rev. F. E. SNOW.

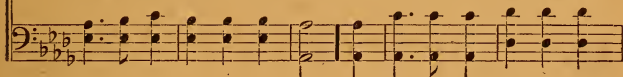
*Con spirito.*



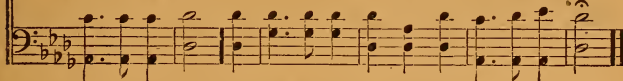
1. Come ral-ly, En-deav-ors, for God and the right, Come, ral-ly a -
2. The foe is be - fore us, we know him of old; He counts up his
3. He glo-ries in e - vil, he scoffs at the truth, And gloats in the



round us, and join in the fight—The fight a-against sin, a-against  
vic-t'ries in num-bers un- told: His wiles are so sub-tile, his  
down-fall of ev - 'ry fair youth. Oh! join then the bat-tle a -



e - vil and wrong; Oh! manful-ly bat-tle; be brave and be strong.  
plots are so deep, We need to be watchful, and nev-er may sleep.  
against this great foe, And help to se - cure his complete o-ver-throw.




4 Our Captain commands us, 'tis Jesus leads on;  
He'll give us the vict'ry and grant us the crown;  
He ne'er will desert us, and triumph is sure  
For all who with courage and patience endure.


5 Then rally, Endeavors, for God and the right;  
Let us work with a will, let us work with our might;  
And never give o'er till we hear the glad word,  
"Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

I. E. D.

I. E. DIEKENGA.




1. Let us be a-bout our Father's business, Ev-ery day, as we go  
 2. Do you ask what is the work He sends us? 'Tis whate'er we can do,  
 3. When in heav-en and the toil is end-ed, Oh, what bliss it will be

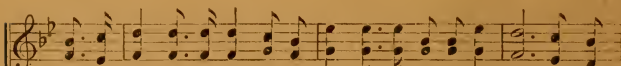


On our way here be-low: Nev-er let it suf-fer thro' re-  
 'Tis to bear and be true, And to use the tal-ents that He  
 In that place then to see Those dear souls whom we on earth be-


## CHORUS.



miss-ness, But seek to make it thrive and grow. Then respond to the call,  
 lends us That oth-ers may accept Him too.  
 friend-ed, And led to Him who made them free.



He has use for us all, And His work is a la-bor of love; And the



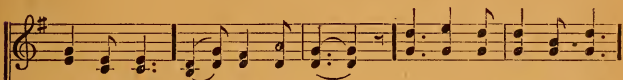
day soon will come In the great Harvest Home, For our rest and rejoicing a - bove.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

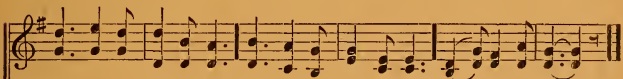
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee: E'en though it  
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be  
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heaven; All that Thou  
 4. Or if, on joy-ful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and



- be a cross That rais-eth me: Still all my song shall be,  
 o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 send'st to me, In mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me  
 stars for-got, Up-wards I fly, Still all my song shall be,



Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.



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- 1 Master, we hear Thy call,  
 Gladly we meet;  
 Bending in earnest prayer  
 Low at Thy feet;  
 Melted by Thy great love,  
 Lifting our souls above,  
 Learning from Thee to prove  
 Life's service sweet.
- 2 Gladly we own Thy claim—  
 Thine, Thine alone.  
 Thou in almighty love  
 Stooped from Thy throne.

Thankful Thy name we bear;  
 Help us for Thee to dare;  
 Help us Thy cross to share—  
 We are Thine own.

- 3 Lord, we would gladly give  
 Youth's morning bright;  
 Love's true endeavor spent  
 Speeding the right;  
 Offering our youth to-day,  
 Take it, O! God, we pray,  
 Guide us in Thine own way—  
 In truth and light.

WILLIAM BRYANT.



Rev. JOSEPH GRIGG.

Art. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal  
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my  
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes I may, When I've no  
 4. Till then, nor is my boast - ing vain, Till then I

man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom  
 hopes of heaven de - pend? No, when I blush, be  
 guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no  
 boast a Sav - iour slain; And O, may this my

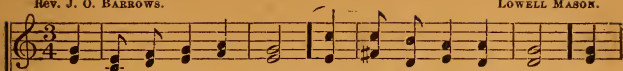
an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?  
 this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.  
 good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.  
 glo - ry be, That Christ is not a - shamed of me.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross, 3 See, from His head, His hands, His  
 On which the Prince of glory died, feet,  
 My richest gain I count but loss, Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
 And pour contempt on all my pride. Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God: 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 All the vain things that charm me That were a present far too small;  
 most, Love so amazing, so divine,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood. Demands my soul, my life, my all.

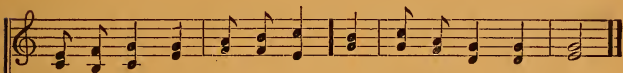
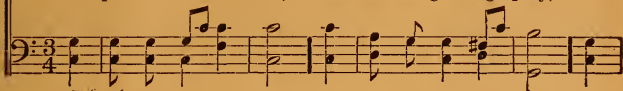


Rev. J. O. BARROWS.

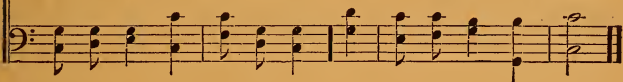
LOWELL MASON.



1. How sweet the mu-tual love That fills our hearts to - day, With  
 2. We gath-er in one place, Our prayers to-geth-er rise; O  
 3. Thy prom-ise, gra-cious Lord, To e - ven two or three, Who  
 4. That promise now ful - fil, As we a - gree-ing pray, So



taste of joys like those a - bove, We speak, and sing and pray.  
 may the fire of heavenly grace Con - sume the sac - ri - fice.  
 meet to pray with one ac-cord, That Thou wilt with them be,—  
 shall our souls more sweetly still In Thy blest pres-ence stay.

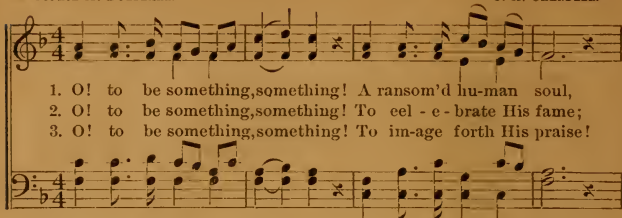


- 1 How gentle God's commands!  
 How kind His precepts are!  
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
 And trust His constant care.
- 2 Beneath His watchful eye  
 His saints securely dwell;  
 That hand which bears all nature up,  
 Shall guard His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load,  
 Press down your weary mind?  
 Hasten to your heavenly Father's throne,  
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,  
 Unchanged from day to day:  
 I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
 And bear a song away.

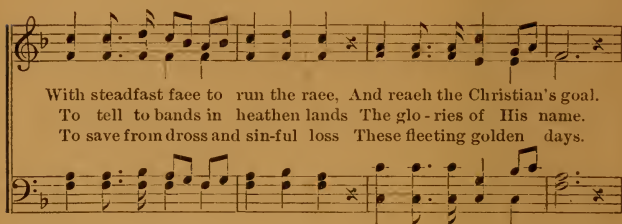
Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SOPHIA M. DOLBEARE.

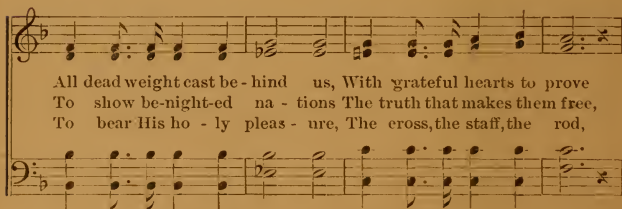
C. H. CHANDLER.



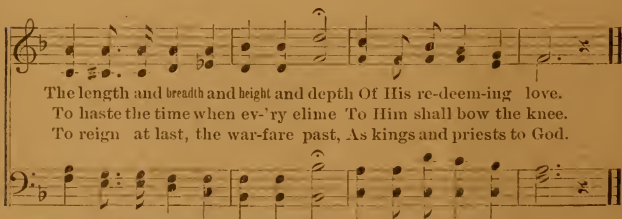
1. O! to be something, something! A ransom'd hu-man soul,  
 2. O! to be something, something! To cel - e - brate His fame;  
 3. O! to be something, something! To im-age forth His praise!



With steadfast face to run the race, And reach the Christian's goal.  
 To tell to bands in heathen lands The glo - ries of His name.  
 To save from dross and sin-ful loss These fleeting golden days.



All dead weight cast be - hind us, With grateful hearts to prove  
 To show be-night-ed na - tions The truth that makes them free,  
 To bear His ho - ly pleas - ure, The cross, the staff, the rod,

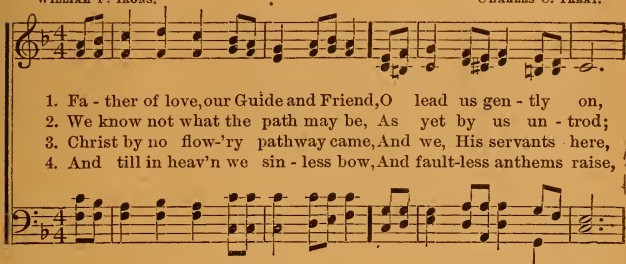


The length and breadth and height and depth Of His re-deem-ing love.  
 To haste the time when ev-'ry elime To Him shall bow the knee.  
 To reign at last, the war-fare past, As kings and priests to God.

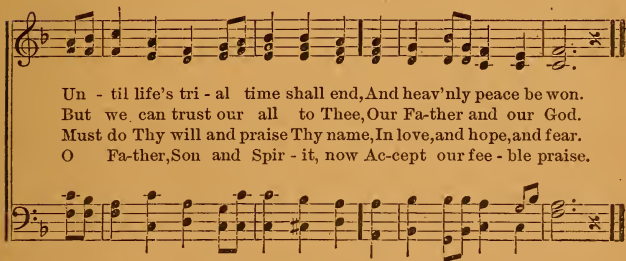
# 100. FATHER OF LOVE, OUR GUIDE AND FRIEND.

WILLIAM F. IRONS.

CHARLES C. TERRAT.



1. Fa - ther of love, our Guide and Friend, O lead us gen - tly on,
2. We know not what the path may be, As yet by us un - trod;
3. Christ by no flow - ry pathway came, And we, His servants here,
4. And till in heav'n we sin - less bow, And fault-less anthems raise,



Un - til life's tri - al time shall end, And heav'nly peace be won.  
But we, can trust our all to Thee, Our Fa - ther and our God.  
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name, In love, and hope, and fear.  
O Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, now Ac - cept our fee - ble praise.

## 101. A CHILD'S PRAYER.

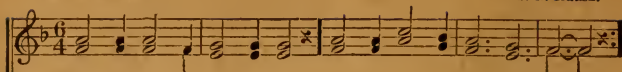
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Dear Lord, who came from heaven<br/>to bring<br/>Salvation down to me,<br/>I love to learn Thy praise to sing,<br/>And say my prayer to Thee.</p> | <p>3 Thou hadst no home with men be-<br/>fore;<br/>How hard it was for Thee!<br/>Dear Saviour, come to earth once more,<br/>And make Thy home with me.</p> |
| <p>2 I wish to make Thy way my choice,<br/>And every sin confess;<br/>I long to hear Thy gentle voice,<br/>And feel Thy fond caress.</p>               | <p>4 And when before Thy throne I stand,<br/>If I am fearful then,<br/>Stoop down, and take my trembling<br/>hapt:<br/>For Jesus' sake. Amen.</p>          |

REV. EDWARD N. POMEROY.

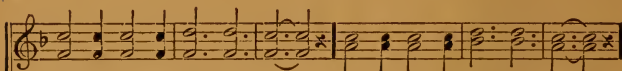
# 102. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

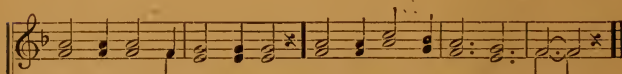
S. B. MARSH.



1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee: }  
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me. }



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.  
Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.



## 103.

1 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness:  
Vile, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

2 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make me, keep me, pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## 104. THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.

1 Sons of Zion, raise your songs,  
Praise to Zion's King belongs;  
His the victor's crown and fame,  
Glory to the Saviour's name.  
Sore the strife, but rich the prize,  
Precious in the Victor's eyes;  
Glorious is the work achieved,  
Satan vanquished, man relieved.

2 Sing we then the Victor's praise,  
Go ye forth and strew the ways;  
Bid Him welcome to His throne,  
He is worthy, He alone.  
Place the crown upon His brow,  
Every knee to Him shall bow;  
Him the brightest seraph sings,  
Heaven proclaims Him "King of kings."

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

## 105. THANKSGIVING.

1 Thanks we give Thee, blessed One,  
For Thy mercies ever new,  
Constant as the morning sun,  
Gentle as the evening dew.  
Thou hast led us in the way,  
Thou hast watched above our rest;  
Like a father, day by day,  
Thou hast given what was best.

2 Oh, how kind Thy ceaseless tho't!  
Dearer than all words can tell;  
And the works Thy hand hath wrought—  
Truly Thou hast loved us well.

Bread, to strengthen labor's hand,  
Cheer, to glad the heavy heart,  
Health and peace through all the land  
Thou hast given — good Thou art.

3 Thankfully we seek Thy face,  
In Thy courts we offer praise;  
Grant us Thy forgiving grace,  
Hear the grateful songs we raise.  
Fill our hearts with love to Thee,  
Guide us still till life is o'er;  
Then our highest joy shall be  
Still to bless Thee evermore.

REV. T. S. PERRY.

## 106. JESUS, MY KING.

1 King of kings, — and yet to mine  
Own heart saying, "I am thine!"  
King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
Yet Thy sweet and tender words,  
"I have called thee by thy name,"  
Echo through all years the same,  
Never losing power divine,  
"Fear not, Soul, for thou art mine."

2 King of kings, — when wild and strong  
Dash the waves of life along;  
Reaching out Thy hand to bless,  
Saving by Thy righteousness,

Thou dost lift upon the Rock  
Whence the tempest's rudest shock  
Ne'er shall sever us from Thee,  
Christ, Immanuel, One in Three.

3 King of kings, — most regal guide,  
Thy pure words in us abide;  
"Follow me," Thou sayest, "and win  
Vict'ry over every sin;  
Turn not back from conflict drear,  
Watching, praying, persevere;  
Then when 'Peace' the angels sing,  
Triumph in your Saviour King."

MARION J. PHIPPS.

## 107.

Key F. Tune—G. H. No. 29.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

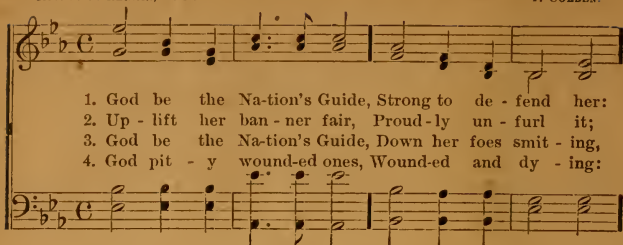
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

H. BONAR, D.D.

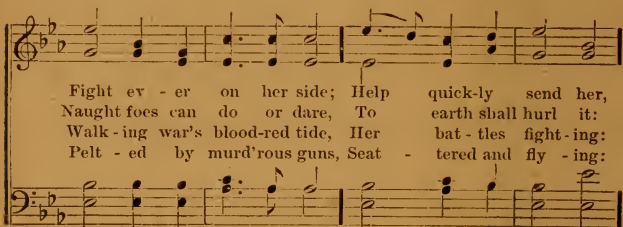
# 108. GOD BE THE NATION'S GUIDE.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

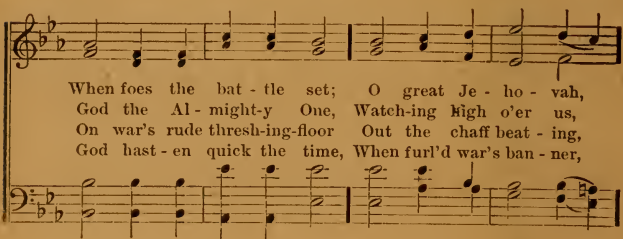
T. CORBEN.



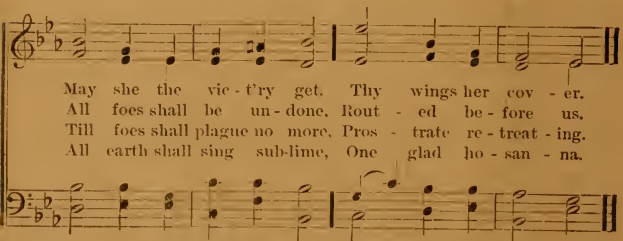
1. God be the Na-tion's Guide, Strong to de-fend her:  
 2. Up-lift her ban-ner fair, Proud-ly un-furl it;  
 3. God be the Na-tion's Guide, Down her foes smit-ing,  
 4. God pit-y wound-ed ones, Wound-ed and dy-ing:



Fight ev-er on her side; Help quick-ly send her,  
 Naught foes can do or dare, To earth shall hurl it:  
 Walk-ing war's blood-red tide, Her bat-tles fight-ing:  
 Pelt-ed by murd'rous guns, Seat-tered and fly-ing:



When foes the bat-tle set; O great Je-ho-vah,  
 God the Al-might-y One, Watch-ing High o'er us,  
 On war's rude thresh-ing-floor Out the chaff beat-ing,  
 God hast-en quick the time, When furl'd war's ban-ner,

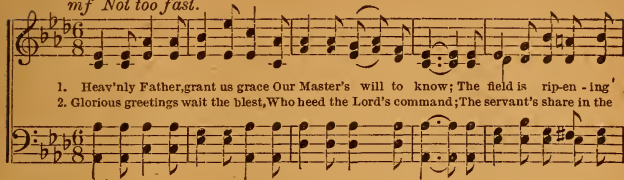


May she the vic-t'ry get. Thy wings her cov-er.  
 All foes shall be un-done, Rout-ed be-fore us.  
 Till foes shall plague no more, Pros-trate re-treat-ing.  
 All earth shall sing sub-lime, One glad ho-san-na.

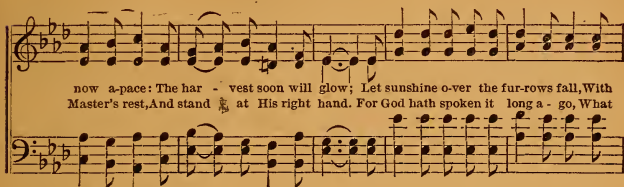



Rev. C. S. ROBINSON.

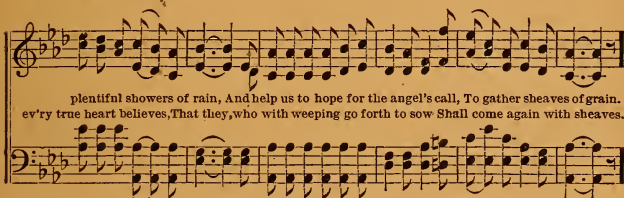
CHAS. C. TREAT.

*mf Not too fast.*


1. Heav'nly Father, grant us grace Our Master's will to know; The field is rip-en-ing'  
2. Glorious greetings wait the blest, Who heed the Lord's command; The servant's share in the



now a-pace: The har-vest soon will glow; Let sunshine o-ver the fur-rows fall, With  
Master's rest, And stand  at His right hand. For God hath spoken it long a-go, What



plentiful showers of rain, And help us to hope for the angel's call, To gather sheaves of grain.  
ev'ry true heart believes, That they, who with weeping go forth to sow Shall come again with sheaves.

## CHORUS.



Christ is the Lord, His faithful word Shall golden harvest briug, And they who have toiled here

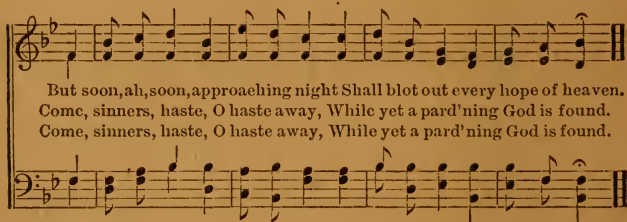
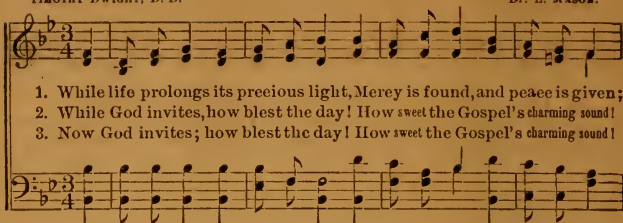


ear-ly and late, shall nev-er fail at the o-pen gate, But en-ter with their King.



TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

Dr. L. MASON.



## 111.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Jesus, our best belovèd Friend!<br>Draw out our souls in pure desire;<br>Jesus! in love to us descend,<br>Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.            | 3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,<br>May we Thy blessèd will obey,<br>Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear<br>The heat and burden of the day.     |
| 2 Our souls and bodies we resign,<br>To fear and follow Thy commands;<br>Oh! take our hearts—our hearts are<br>Thine;<br>Accept the serviee of our hands. | 4 Yet, Lord! for us a resting-place,<br>In heaven, at Thy right hand prepare;<br>And, till we see Thee face to face,<br>Be all our conversation there. |

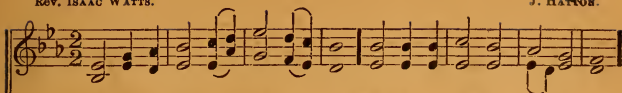
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## 112.

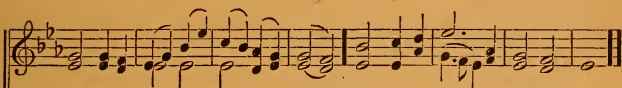
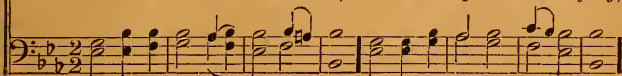
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,<br>Purchased and saved by blood divine!<br>With full consent Thine I would be,<br>And own Thy sovereign right in me. | 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,<br>Be Thine through all eternity;<br>The vow is passed beyond repeal;<br>Now will I set the solemn seal.         |
| 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,<br>Among the children of Thy graee;<br>A wretched sinner, lost to God,<br>But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.        | 4 Here at that cross where flows the<br>blood<br>That bought my guilty soul for God;<br>Thee, my new Master, now I call,<br>And conserate to Thee my all. |

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

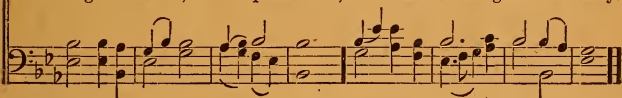
J. HATTON.



1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
2. The want of sight she well supplies, She makes the pearly gates appear;
3. Cheer-ful we tread the desert thro', While faith inspires a heavenly ray,



Till we arrive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.  
Far in-to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings eter-nal glories near.  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.



114.

115.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Complete in Thee, no work of mine<br/>May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine!<br/>Thy blood has pardon bought for me,<br/>And I am now complete in Thee.</p> <p>2 Complete in Thee—no more shall sin<br/>Thy grace has conquered, reign within;<br/>Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,<br/>And I shall stand complete in Thee</p> <p>3 Complete in Thee — each want<br/>supplied,<br/>And no good thing to me denied,<br/>Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,<br/>I ask no more — complete in Thee.</p> <p>4 Dear Saviour! when, before Thy bar<br/>All tribes and tongues assembled are,<br/>Among Thy chosen may I be<br/>At Thy right hand—complete in Thee.</p> | <p>1 If on our daily course, our mind<br/>Be set to hallow all we find,<br/>New treasures still, of countless price,<br/>God will provide for sacrifice.</p> <p>2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,<br/>As more of heaven in each we see;<br/>Some softening gleam of love and<br/>prayer<br/>Shall dawn on every cross and care.</p> <p>3 The trivial round, the common task,<br/>Will furnish all we ought to ask;<br/>Room to deny ourselves, a road<br/>To bring us daily nearer God.</p> <p>4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love<br/>Fit us for perfect rest above;<br/>And help us this and every day,<br/>To live more nearly as we pray.</p> |
|---|---|

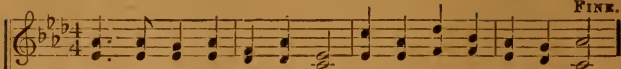
REV. A. R. WOLFE.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

SPANISH MELODY.

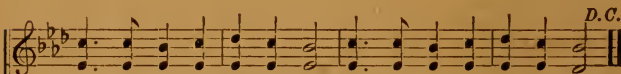
FINE.



1. Bless - ed Saviour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;  
D.C. Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.

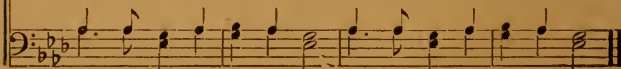
2. Once a - gain be - side the cross, All my gain I count but loss;  
D.C. Hence, vain shadows! let me see Je - sus eru - ei - fied for me.

3. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die;  
D.C. Ev - er shall my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.



D.C.

All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught beside:  
Earth - ly pleasures fade a - way, Clouds they are that hide my day:  
Height, or depth, or earthly pow'r, Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:



## 117.

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear;  
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
One that loves us to the end:

Forward, then, with courage go;  
Long we shall not dwell below;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares  
Lie, to take us unawares;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded part:

But, from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so oft mislead our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within;  
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,  
Christ shall also conquer these;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

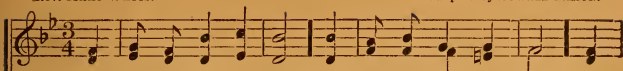
REV. JOSEPH SWALE.

N. B. In singing No. 117 to Spanish Hymn, the third and fourth lines repeat the melody of the first and second.

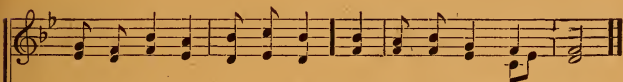
# 118. WONDROUS GRACE. (Olmutz. S. M.)

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

Adapted by LOWELL MASON.



1. Be-hold what wondrous grace The Fa-ther hath be-stowed On
2. Nor doth it yet ap-pear How great we must be made; But
3. A hope so much di-vine May tri-als well en-dure, May
4. If in my Fa-ther's love I share a fil-ial part, Send



- sin-ners of a mor-tal race, To call them sons of God!  
 when we see our Sav-iour here, We shall be like our Head.  
 purge our souls from sense and sin, As Christ the Lord is pure.  
 down Thy Spir-it, like a dove, To rest up-on my heart.



## 119.

## 120.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Sow in the morn thy seed,<br/>                     At eve hold not thy hand;<br/>                     To doubt and fear give thou no heed,<br/>                     Broadcast it o'er the land.</p>     | <p>1 Mourn for the thousands slain,<br/>                     The youthful and the strong,<br/>                     Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign<br/>                     And the deluded throng.</p> |
| <p>2 And duly shall appear<br/>                     In verdure, beauty, strength,<br/>                     The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,<br/>                     And the full corn at length.</p>   | <p>2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—<br/>                     Eternal life and light<br/>                     Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,<br/>                     And turned to hopeless night.</p>        |
| <p>3 Thou canst not toil in vain;<br/>                     Cold, heat, the moist and dry,<br/>                     Shall foster and mature the grain<br/>                     For garners in the sky.</p>    | <p>3 Mourn for the lost,— but call,<br/>                     Call to the strong, the free;<br/>                     Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,<br/>                     And to the refuge flee.</p> |
| <p>4 Then, when the glorious end,<br/>                     The day of God shall come,<br/>                     The angel-reapers shall descend,<br/>                     And heaven sing "Harvest Home."</p> | <p>4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,<br/>                     Pray to our God alone,<br/>                     To break the fell destroyer's sway,<br/>                     And show His saving love.</p>         |

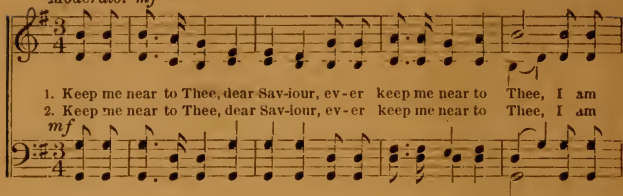
J. MONTGOMERY.

ANON.

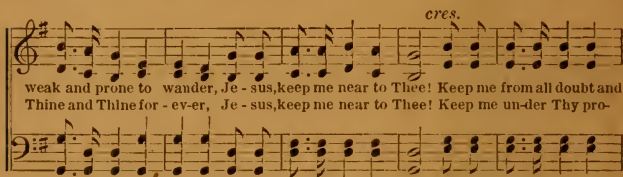
# 121. KEEP ME NEAR TO THEE, DEAR SAVIOUR.

J. A. GARDNER,  
*Moderato. mf*

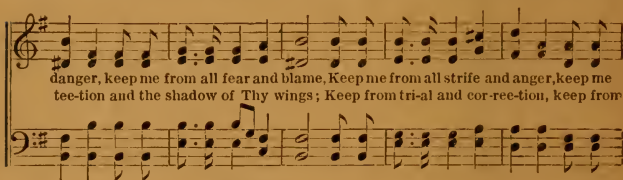
C. C. CONVERSE.



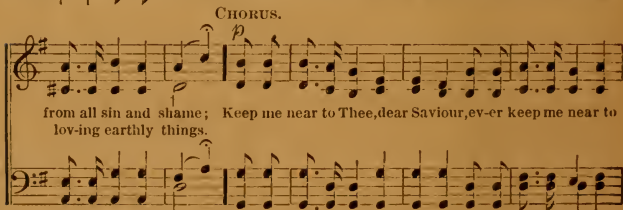
1. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-iour, ev-er keep me near to Thee, I am  
2. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-iour, ev-er keep me near to Thee, I am



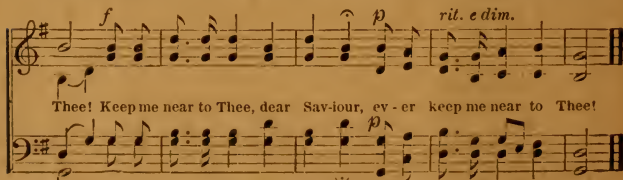
*cres.*  
weak and prone to wander, Je - sus, keep me near to Thee! Keep me from all doubt and  
Thine and Thine for - ev-er, Je - sus, keep me near to Thee! Keep me un-der Thy pro-



danger, keep me from all fear and blame, Keep me from all strife and anger, keep me  
tee-tion and the shadow of Thy wings; Keep from tri-al and cor-ree-tion, keep from



CHORUS.  
from all sin and shame; Keep me near to Thee, dear Saviour, ev-er keep me near to  
lov-ing earthly things.



*f* *p* *rit. e dim.*  
Thee! Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-iour, ev-er keep me near to Thee!

Rev. W. F. ARMS.

E. L. PEASE.

1. The voice of Christ, our Sav-iour, Rings thro' the Christian world;  
 2. Bap-tized with heavenly wis-dom, And lips a - glow with love,  
 3. The prom-ise of the Mas - ter Crowns with its glor-ious light

Let gos - pel truth be spok-en, My ban - ner be un-furled  
 Speak to the lost and fall - en The mes-sage from a - bove;  
 Each faith-ful Christian sol - dier That strikes for God and right.

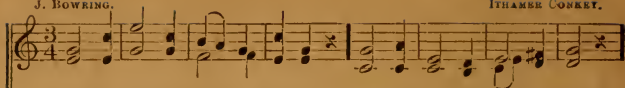
In ev - ery land and na-tion, Where'er man's foot has trod;  
 Un - fold with ho - ly cour-age The grand and glo-rious truth  
 Go ye, and preach the gos - pel In all its won-drous power;

Go, pub-lish my sal - va - tion, Pro-claim the Christ of God.  
 That speaks in ben - e - dic - tion To ev - ery Christian youth.  
 Go, the Re-deem-er's pres-ence Shall crown thine ev-ery hour.

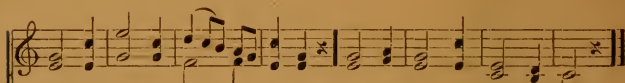


J. BOWRING.

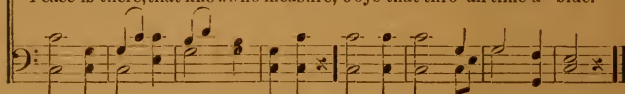
ITHAMER CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bain and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied:



All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.  
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lustre to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bid.



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## 124.

1 Friend of sinners! Lord of glory!  
 Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!  
 Musing o'er the wondrous story,  
 Fain would I Thy praises sing.

2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,  
 In whom power and pity blend,  
 Praise we must the grace which gave us  
 Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

3 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,  
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind!  
 Friend who at all times receives us,  
 Friend who came the lost to find!

4 Oh, to love and serve Thee better!  
 From all evil set us free;  
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;  
 Be each thought conformed to Thee.

## 125.

1 Always with us, always with us —  
 Words of cheer and words of love;  
 Thus the risen Saviour whispers,  
 From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,  
 Sowing much and reaping none;  
 Telling us that in the future  
 Golden harvests shall be won.

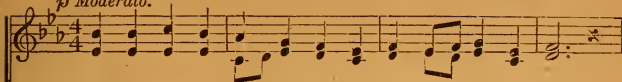
3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
 O'er our pathway dark and drear;  
 Waking hope within our bosoms,  
 Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,  
 When we cross the chilling stream —  
 Lighting up the steps to glory  
 With salvation's radiant beam.



HARRY H. PALMER.

CHAS. C. TREAT.

*p Moderato.*

1. Lord, to Thee our pray'rs have risen In this precious hour;  
 2. May our lives be as our pray-er, Lof - ty, true, and pure.



We have felt Thy presence near us, And Thy gra-cious power,  
 Reach-ing up-ward, soar-ing high-er, Till the prize is sure,



Making Christ and heaven dear-er, Strengthening ev'ry heart;  
 Ours to feel the bliss of liv-ing Ev-er close to Thee;



Bless us with Thy ben-e-dic-tion As we now de-part.  
 Ours the gain and Thine the glo-ry, Thine the vic-to-ry.



J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER. By per.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Daily manna still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

## CHORUS.

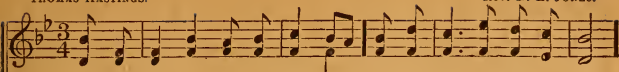
Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

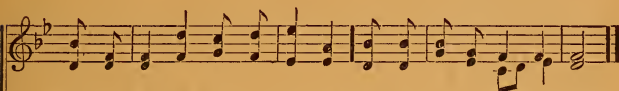
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

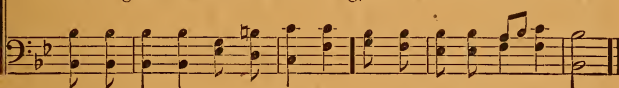
Rev. D. E. JONES.



1. He that go-eth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
2. Soft descend the dews of heav-en, Bright the rays ce-les-tial shine:
3. Sow thy seed, be nev-er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an-roy;
4. Lo, the scene of verdure brightening, See the ris - ing grain appear;



- Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleeping, Findeth mer-cy from a - bove:  
 Precious fruits will thus be giv - en, Thro' an influence all di - vine.  
 Be the prospect ne'er so drea-ry, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.  
 Look a-gain: the fields are whitening, For the harvest time is near.



## 129.

- 1 Jesus! Master! we would follow  
 In the way approved by Thee;  
 Nor in earthly pleasures shallow  
 Would we lose the end we see.

- 2 Earthly charms attract us daily  
 If from Thee our thoughts remove,  
 Selfish joys inviting gayly,  
 Tempt us e'er from higher love.

- 3 But how transient is the pleasure  
 For the charms of earth to live,  
 When compared with heavenly  
 treasure,  
 Service in Thy cause can give.

- 4 Now from henceforth cleanse us,  
 take us;  
 For Thy service make us meet;  
 Let Thy love each day enfold us,  
 While we bow at Thy dear feet.

H. J. POOLE.

## 130.

- 1 Do the duty that lies nearest;  
 Shrink not ever from its call;  
 He who best would serve the Master,  
 Gives to Him his life, his all.

- 2 He who bears for us our sorrows,  
 Christ—our Life, our Guide, our Way,  
 Bids us put not till to-morrow  
 Good that can be done to-day.

- 3 God has furnished all the present  
 For the good we mean to do;  
 All our past is in His keeping—  
 In the future prove we true.

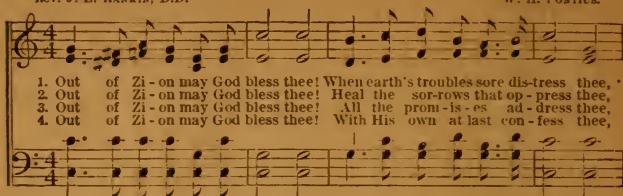
- 4 Still our God says, "press thou  
 onward;"  
 Bear the cross and win the crown;  
 Would you reach the ladder's summit,  
 Climb up bravely, look not down.

ADA M. CASWELL.

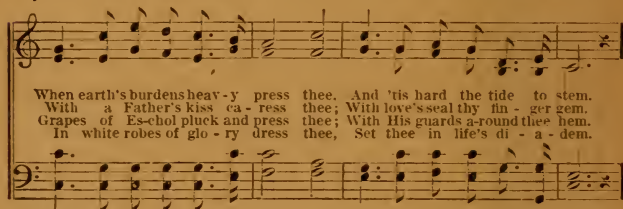
# 131. OUT OF ZION MAY GOD BLESS THEE.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. H. PONTIUS.

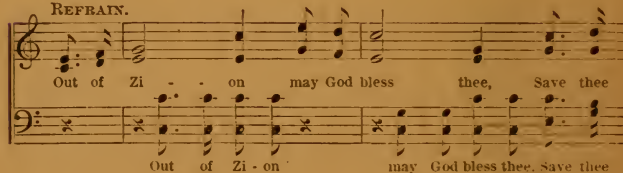


1. Out of Zi-on may God bless thee! When earth's troubles sore dis-tress thee,  
 2. Out of Zi-on may God bless thee! Heal the sor-rows that op-press thee,  
 3. Out of Zi-on may God bless thee! All the prom-is-es ad-dress thee,  
 4. Out of Zi-on may God bless thee! With His own at last con-fess thee,

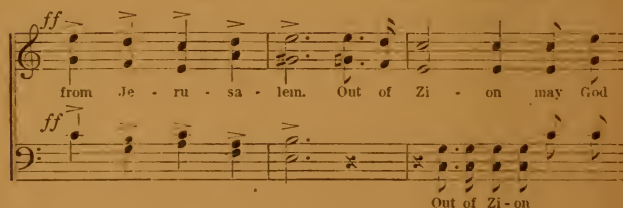


When earth's burdens heav-y press thee. And 'tis hard the tide to stem.  
 With a Father's kiss ca-ress thee; With love's seal thy fin-ger gem.  
 Grapes of Es-chol pluck and press thee; With His guards a-round thee hem.  
 In white robes of glo-ry dress thee, Set thee in life's di-a-dem.

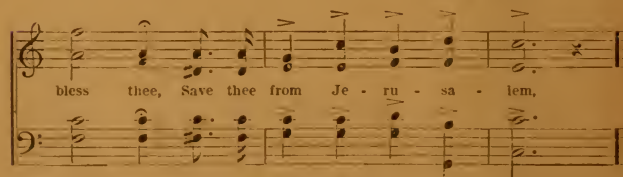
## REFRAIN.



Out of Zi-on may God bless thee, Save thee  
 Out of Zi-on may God bless thee, Save thee



from Je-ru-sa-lem. Out of Zi-on may God  
 Out of Zi-on



bless thee, Save thee from Je-ru-sa-lem,

# 132. REMEMBRANCE. (Auld Lang Syne.) C.M.D.

W. MITCHELL.

SCOTTISH.

1. Je - sus, Thy love shall we for-get, And nev - er bring to mind  
2. O sweet the mem'ry of Thy grace, And sweet-er still shall grow;

FINE.

The grace that paid our hopeless debt, And bade us pardon find?  
D.S. Thy locks with mountain va-pors wet, To save us from de-spair?  
And the fair vis-ion of Thy face Be-fore us e'er shall glow.  
D.S. But He who loved, and loves us yet, Our con-stant-cy shall prove.

D.S.

Shall we Thy life of grief for-get, Thy fast-ing and Thy prayer;  
Life's brightest joys we may for-get, Our kindred cease to love;

133.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

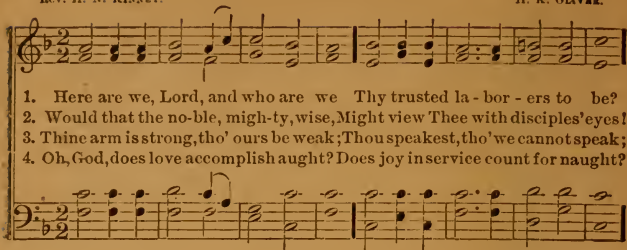
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

REV. H. BONAR.

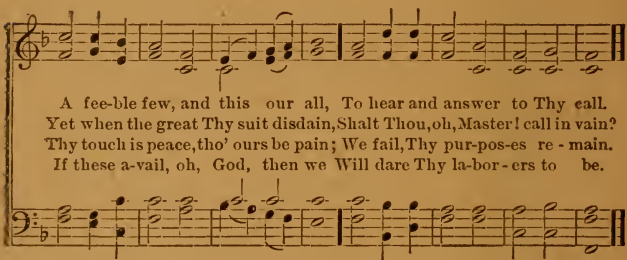
# 134. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Rev. H. N. KINNEY.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Here are we, Lord, and who are we Thy trusted la - bor - ers to be?  
 2. Would that the no-ble, migh-ty, wise, Might view Thee with disciples' eyes!  
 3. Thine arm is strong, tho' ours be weak; Thou speakest, tho' we cannot speak;  
 4. Oh, God, does love accomplish aught? Does joy in service count for naught?



A fee-ble few, and this our all, To hear and answer to Thy call.  
 Yet when the great Thy suit disdain, Shalt Thou, oh, Master! call in vain?  
 Thy touch is peace, tho' ours be pain; We fail, Thy pur-poses re - main.  
 If these a-vail, oh, God, then we Will dare Thy la-bor - ers to be.

## 135.

1 Jesus, engrave it on my heart,  
 That Thou the one thing needful art;  
 I could from all things parted be,  
 But never, never, Lord, from Thee.

2 Needful is Thy most precious blood,  
 To reconcile my soul to God;  
 Needful is Thy indulgent care;  
 Needful Thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,  
 True peace and comfort to afford;  
 Needful Thy promise, to impart  
 Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art Thou, my Guide, my Stay,  
 Through all life's dark and weary way;  
 Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,  
 To bring my spirit home to Thee.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

## 136.

1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and  
 dwell,  
 By faith and love, in every breast;  
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward  
 strength;  
 Make our enlargèd souls possess,  
 And learn the height, and breadth,  
 and length  
 Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do  
 More than our thoughts or wishes  
 know,  
 Be everlasting honor done  
 By all the Church, through Christ  
 His Son.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.



# 137. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Key of A-flat.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ!  
More love to Thee;  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee!  
More love to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best;  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee, etc.

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief or pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,—  
More love, O Christ, to Thee, etc.

4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise;  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee, etc.

Mrs. E. P. PRENTISS.

# 138. THE SOUL'S OFFERING.

TUNE:—"My hope is built on nothing less." Key of G.

1 Why did the box of ointment sweet  
Which Mary laid at Jesus' feet,  
Unto those feet refreshment bring?  
She "*brake*" the costly offering;  
Had she but left it closed and sealed,

(Repeat.)—What way-worn feet had then been healed?

2 O ye who now to feasts repair,  
Our holy feasts of praise and prayer,  
To lay, with love, at Jesus' feet,  
Your hearts, as Mary's ointment sweet;  
Why will ye not like Mary break,  
And pour them forth for His dear sake?

3 Why will ye not beside Him stand,  
Or to Him kneel, with generous hand  
Shedding on other guests their cheer,  
And bidding us His teachings hear?  
Ah! can it be a child of Heaven  
Will stifle peace that Christ has given?

4 O bid the alabaster yield!  
Give forth the hallowed balm concealed!  
And think that heads as hearts belong  
Unto our Master; voice and tongue  
Are needed for His service sweet,—  
Have you no *lips* for Jesus' feet?

EMMA R. HYDE.

# 139.

TUNE:—"Work for the night." Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more:  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.



# 140. NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

OLD MELODY  
FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }  
 D.C. Praise the mount,—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2. { Oh, to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! }  
 { Let Thy goodness as a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; }  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.

D.C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

## 141.

1 Saviour, visit Thy plantation!

Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:

All will come to desolation,

Unless Thou return again.

Keep no longer at a distance,

Shine upon us from on high,

Lest, for want of Thine assistance,

Every plant should droop and die.

2 Let our mutual love be fervent:

Make us prevalent in prayers;

Let each one esteemed Thy servant

Shun the world's bewitching snares,

Break the tempter's fatal power,

Turn the stony heart to flesh,

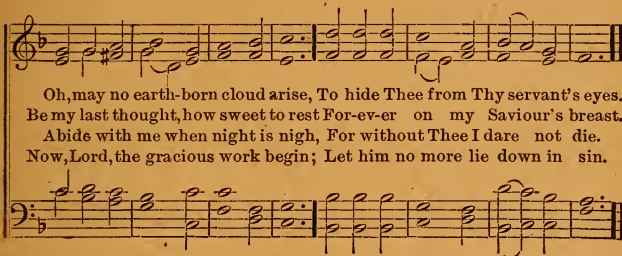
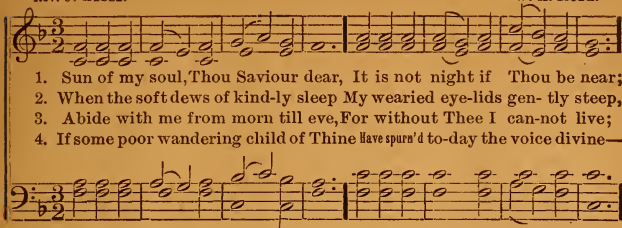
And begin from this good hour,

To revive Thy work afresh.

Rev. J. NEWTON.

Rev. J. KEBLE.

W. H. MONK.



## 143.

1 O bless the hour when evening comes  
 And calls us to our place of prayer;  
 With joyful heart our feet we turn  
 To meet our Lord's disciples there.

2 With one accord we gather here,  
 Our wants make known, our sins  
 confess;  
 Dear Saviour, wilt Thou now appear  
 And bless, as only Thou canst bless.

3 Our faith increase, our fears remove,  
 Make strong the weak, the helpless  
 raise,  
 May ev'ry heart here feel Thy love,  
 And ev'ry tongue speak forth Thy  
 praise.

4 No want have we Thou canst not fill,  
 No need but Thou canst fully meet;  
 May we obey Thy gracious will  
 And find our lives in Thee complete.

Rev. N. J. SQUIRES.

## 144.

1 Though all unworthy of Thy care,  
 We offer Thee, O Lord, our prayer!  
 Keep us and guard us through this  
 night,  
 And bring us to the morning light.

2 We could not thus approach Thee,  
 Lord,  
 But for the promise of Thy word,  
 Which bids the sinner trust in Thee;  
 And, well Thou knowest, such are we.

3 We turn from earth to seek Thy face;  
 Our only plea Thine own free grace;  
 Our only hope the Saviour's blood,  
 Which reconciles us to our God.

4 Thus, humbly, tremblingly, we pray,  
 And ask Thee to accept this day;  
 And may our slumbers peaceful be  
 Because we are at peace with Thee.

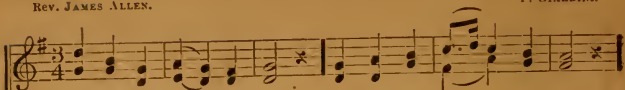
Rev. F. E. SNOW.

# 145. GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH. 6s & 4s.

Rev. JAMES ALLEN.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

F. GIARDINI.



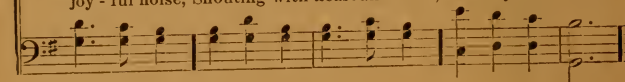
1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply,  
 2. While they around the throne Cheer-ful-ly join in one,  
 3. Join all ye ransomed race Our Lord and God to bless—



"Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a - dore, Who all our  
 Prais-ing His name,— Ye who have felt His blood Seal-ing your  
 Praise ye His name! In Him will we re - joice, And make a



sor-rows bore; Sing loud for ev - er-more, "Worthy the Lamb!"  
 peace with God, Sound His dear name a-broad, "Worthy the Lamb!"  
 joy - ful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"



## 146.

1 Shepherd of tender youth,  
 Guiding in love and truth  
 Through devious ways;  
 Christ, our triumphant King,  
 We come Thy name to sing;  
 Hither the children bring,  
 To shout Thy praise.

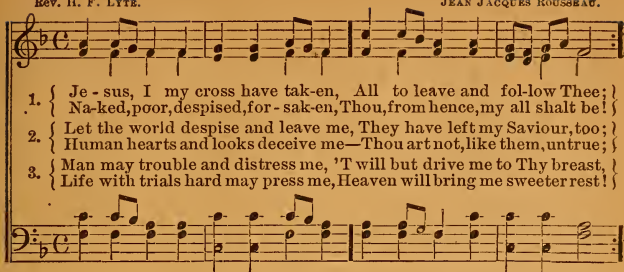
2 Thou art our Holy Lord,  
 The all-subduing Word,  
 Healer of strife:  
 Thou didst Thyself abase,  
 That from sin's deep disgrace  
 Thou mightest save our race,  
 And give us life.

3 Ever be Thou our Guide,  
 Our Shepherd and our Pride,  
 Our Staff and Song;  
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
 By Thy perennial Word  
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
 Make our faith strong.

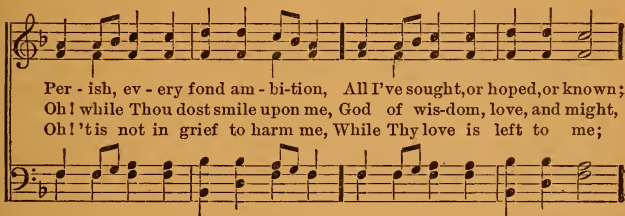
4 So now, and till we die,  
 Sound we Thy praises high,  
 And joyful sing:  
 Infants, and the glad throng  
 Who to Thy Church belong,  
 Unite to swell the song  
 To Christ our King.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

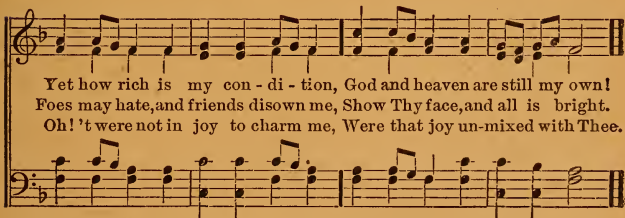
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; }  
 { Na-ked, poor, despised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! }  
 2. { Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; }  
 { Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, untrue; }  
 3. { Man may trouble and distress me, 'T will but drive me to Thy breast, }  
 { Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest! }



Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
 Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,  
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!  
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.  
 Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
 Bid us now depart in peace;  
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
 Let our faith and love increase:  
 Fill each breast with consolation;  
 Up to Thee our hearts we raise;  
 When we reach our blissful station,  
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

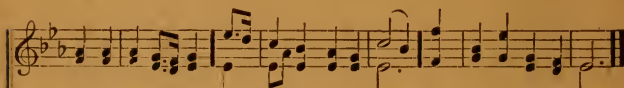
UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

Rev. F. DODDRIDGE.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heavenly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round, Hold thee in full sur-vey, For-get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an-i-ma-ting voice, That calls thee from on high, 'Tis His own
4. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And crowned with



race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown. And an im-mor-tal crown.  
 steps al-ready trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.  
 hand presents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.  
 vic-t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.



## 150.

1 Shall Jesus stand alone and plead  
 That all to Him may come?  
 And am I one with Him indeed,  
 While I remain so dumb?

2 What is my love to any friend  
 For whom I dare not speak?  
 Can I his righteous cause defend,  
 Yet leave it lone and weak?

3 In every word, as kindness done,  
 Should love expression find;  
 And thus the loved to loving one  
 In closer union bind.

4 O then, dear Saviour, may my love  
 Find words to speak for Thee;  
 As even now, in heaven above,  
 Thou dost still speak for me.

(90)

Rev. J. O. BARROWS

## 151.

1 Come, trembling sinner in whose  
 breast

A thousand thoughts revolve,  
 Come with your guilt and fear op-  
 pressed,

And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus though my sin  
 Hath like a mountain rose;  
 I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose.

3 "He's promised to admit my plea,  
 To hear my humble prayer;  
 So shall His throne my refuge be —  
 I cannot perish there.

4 "He now invites — I now will go,  
 To Him for safety fly;  
 In Him is life; in Him I know  
 I shall not, can not die."

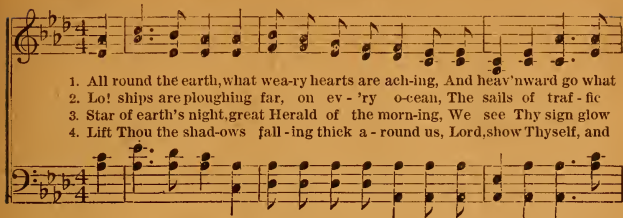
Rev. EDMUND JONES, alt. by J. O. B.

# 152. HERALDS OF JESUS, HERALDS OF LIGHT.

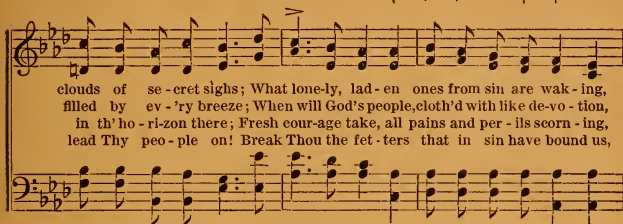
J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

*Inscribed to Missionary friends in Foreign Lands.*

W. H. PONTIUS.

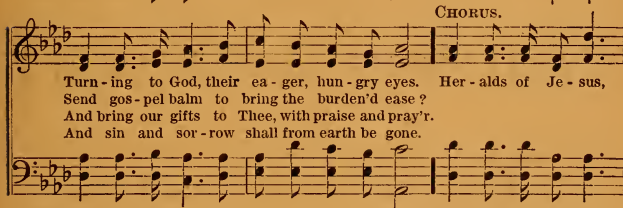


1. All round the earth, what weary hearts are aching, And heav'nward go what  
 2. Lo! ships are ploughing far, on ev'ry ocean, The sails of traf-fic  
 3. Star of earth's night, great Herald of the morn-ing, We see Thy sign glow  
 4. Lift Thou the shadows fall-ing thick a-round us, Lord, show Thyself, and

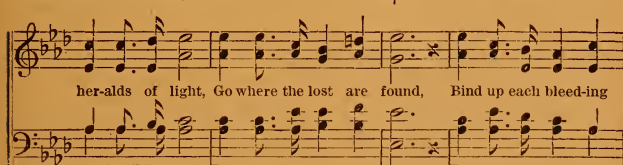


clouds of se-cret sighs; What lone-ly, lad-en ones from sin are wak-ing,  
 filled by ev-'ry breeze; When will God's people, cloth'd with like de-vo-tion,  
 in th' ho-ri-zon there; Fresh cour-age take, all pains and per-ils scorn-ing,  
 lead Thy peo-ple on! Break Thou the fet-ters that in sin have bound us,

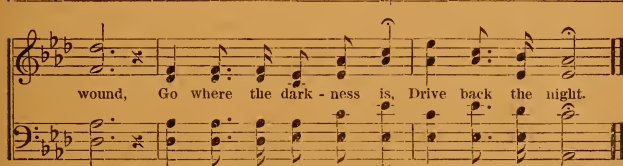
CHORUS.



Turn-ing to God, their ea-ger, hun-gry eyes. Her-alds of Je-sus,  
 Send gos-pel balm to bring the bur-den'd ease?  
 And bring our gifts to Thee, with praise and pray'r.  
 And sin and sor-row shall from earth be gone.



her-alds of light, Go where the lost are found, Bind up each bleed-ing



wound, Go where the dark-ness is, Drive back the night.

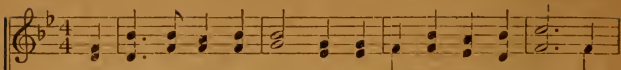


# 153. HO! ARMY OF ENDEAVORS.

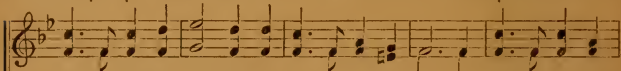
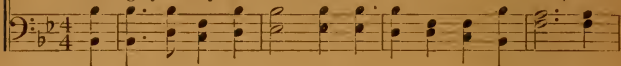
REV. JOEL S. IVES.

(CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMN.)

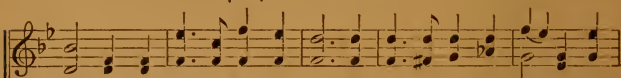
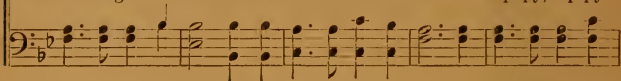
W. H. PONTICS.



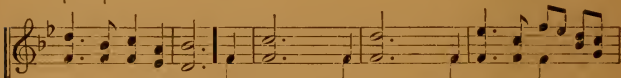
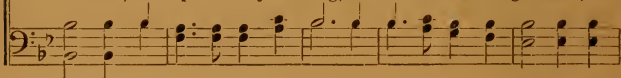
1. Ho! Arm-y of Endeavors, Your strength the times demand, Re-
2. Ho! Arm-y of En-deav-ors, It is your Lead-er's call. Go
3. Lift high your roy-al ban-ner! The ban-ner of the cross, With



demption waits your conquests, Obey your Lord's command. Rejoice! for God is  
forth in-to the conflict, Not one of you shall fall! Keep all your colors  
shouts of glad ho-san-nas: It can-not suf-fer loss. O hap-py, hap-py



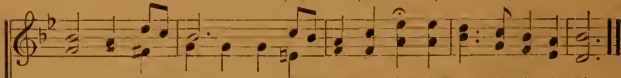
with you, Strike hard the hosts of sin! March forth with courage ever; For  
fly-ing, Make ev-ry weapon bright, Look ev-er un-to Je-sus And  
sol-diers, Triumphant in your King, March on with shouts of gladness, And



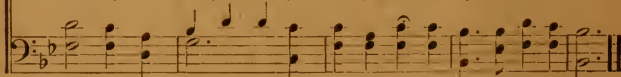
yours it is to win! March forth, March forth, March forth with courage  
gird you for the fight.  
songs of victory sing!



March forth, march forth, March forth, march forth,



ev-er, March forth, march forth, March forth, march forth, For yours it is to win.





R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree?  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er repay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree!  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

## CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

burden of my heart roll'd a-way— It was there by faith  
 rolled away,

I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

# 155.

1 Just as I am without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each  
spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within, and foes without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-  
lieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown,  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

# 156.

Key C.

1 I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
||: I gave, I gave my life for thee, :||  
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,  
My glory-circled throne  
I left, for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and lone.  
||: I left, I left it all for thee, :||  
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
||: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :||  
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and My love;  
||: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, :||  
What hast thou brought to Me?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

# 157.

Key A-flat.

1 I love to tell the Story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love;  
I love to tell the Story,  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story!  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
(94)

To tell the Old, Old Story  
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story!  
More wonderful it seems,  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams;  
I love to tell the Story!  
It did so much for me;  
And that is just the reason,  
I tell it now to thee. CHO.

KATE HANKEY.

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